The Outlook

OCTOBER 9, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

The campaign for the Fourth Liberty Loan began on Sat-, September 28. It closes on Saturday, October 19. The is for $6,000,000,000, twice as large an amount as that of of the previous loans, and by far the largest amount ever owed in one issue of bonds by any Government. The bonds e new loan will mature in twenty years (1938), and will carry est at the rate of 4¼ per cent, payable semi-annually on il 15 and October 15. Purchasers may pay cash down, or er cent on October 19, twenty per cent each on November 21 December 19 of this year, twenty per cent on January 16, hirty per cent on January 30, 1919. Presumably local nittees and employers throughout the country will enable viduals to pay for their bonds on the weekly or monthly llment plan, but this is a matter of personal arrangement is not part of the provision made by the Government.

he campaign for the sale of the bonds of the Fourth Liberty started after several weeks of systematic preparation with ingenuity of method and on a great scale of activity.

chief features are found in a large variety of posters and as, in a great use of both press and platform, in new and aling film arguments, and, finally, in the use of railway as as educators and stimulators. This last-named feature ists of twenty-two day trips of trains carrying trophies ured by General Pershing's men—large and small guns, ch mortars, mine-throwers, rifles, shells, helmets, and other material. The trains also carry contingents of Pershing ans and of the French Foreign Legion, of Liberty Loan ers and bond salesmen.

the celebrations marking the beginning of the campaign in New York City was notable. It was opened on the g of September 27 by the ten great sirens of the Police tment, provided to warn the citizens in case of im-ng German air raids. In an instant there was an answer-bellowing from the Fire Department sirens, the shrieks of nboat and factory whistles, the din of motor horns, and the impressive clang of church bells. Thousands of red flares ed and over twelve thousand young men distributed 0,000 copies of a special edition of the "Stars and Stripes," oldiers' newspaper in France.

t the same time thousands of speakers throughout the ed States started to make addresses. That in New York was from President Wilson; we comment on it elsewhere. On Saturday morning, September 28, there were parades up oadway and down Fifth Avenue. For twenty-odd blocks th Avenue had received a remarkable decorative treatment ch it will wear throughout the campaign. Each lamp-post s a long streamer with the legend "We Fight; You Lend." end of a block is marked by a large banner bearing the ne of an Allied country whose flag is hung all along the ck from the second and fourth floors of the buildings, while imilar flag in much larger size is suspended across the et at the middle of the block; from the third-story windows Liberty Loan banner is displayed.

n the same morning the Liberty Altar, designed by Thomas stings, the eminent architect, and occupying 100 by 25 feet Madison Square, was dedicated. It is to be the focal point of various events scheduled to occur in New York City during he campaign, and during the days which have elapsed since he campaign began has already been the scene of many note-vorthy addresses.

"THINK," AND BUY!

During the coming fiscal year the budget of the United States Government calls for appropriations amounting to twenty-four billions of dollars, an incredibly large sum. Of this amount eight billions are to come from taxation. The other sixteen billions must come from the sale of bonds. The present loan is the first drive in the direction of that sixteen billions.

While the first and overwhelming motive in buying Liberty Bonds should be to support our soldiers, no matter at what cost, it must not be forgotten, first, that every Liberty Bond will be paid back in cash to the holder with more than savings bank interest; and, second, that a large part of this almost uncountable sum of money is being spent by the Government not in war waste but in permanent improvements, such as ships, warehouses, railway equipment, farm development, etc. This Mr. Theodore Price demonstrated in a notable article in The Outlook for September 25.

But in buying Liberty Bonds we Americans are not, after all, thinking of their value in dollars and cents, but of their value in the lives and work of our soldiers and sailors.

One of the most striking advertisements of the Liberty Loan Committee "specially originated and produced by members of the American Expeditionary Force" is entitled "Think," and is illustrated by the dramatically drawn figure of a wounded American soldier, the artist being himself a soldier. We have seen no more effective statement of the concrete reasons for buying Liberty Bonds than is contained in the letterpress of this soldier advertisement, and therefore we reproduce it here:

Think of the colonel of a Yankee regiment who led his boys into the attack, and who, when he found one of them in trouble with his machine gun, fixed it and fired it with his own hands.

Think of the sergeant who dropped as his platoon was rushing a deadly woods. He called out as he died: "They've got me, boys! Go on and give them hell!"

Think of the Signal Corps men crouching low while the shells tore down their telephone wires, and rushing out to repair them while the shelling was still at its height.

Think of little Corporal Jerry—submitting with ill-concealed impatience while his pal from the Hospital Corps dressed a wound in his forehead. He was bandaged so that all you could see of his head was half of his left eye, and he was put down by the roadside to wait his turn back in the ambulance. A moment later a lieutenant caught him stealing away, rifle in hand. "Just ten minutes," he begged, "just ten minutes. I haven't killed one yet and I must. Just ten minutes."

Think of another wounded man who escaped from the dressing station and was later found unconscious on the road. It was the road leading into the battle.

Think of the doughboy found dead on the battlefield of the Marne, who scrawled "For God and country" on his gas mask before he died.

Think of these men, think of all their brothers in the great army of grit, think—and go deep into your pocket for the———

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

THE COLLAPSE OF BULGARIA

The total surrender of Bulgaria is evidence of an economic and political collapse as truly as it is of a crushing military defeat. It may even be a question whether the astonishingly weak resistance made by the Bulgarian armies against the Ser-

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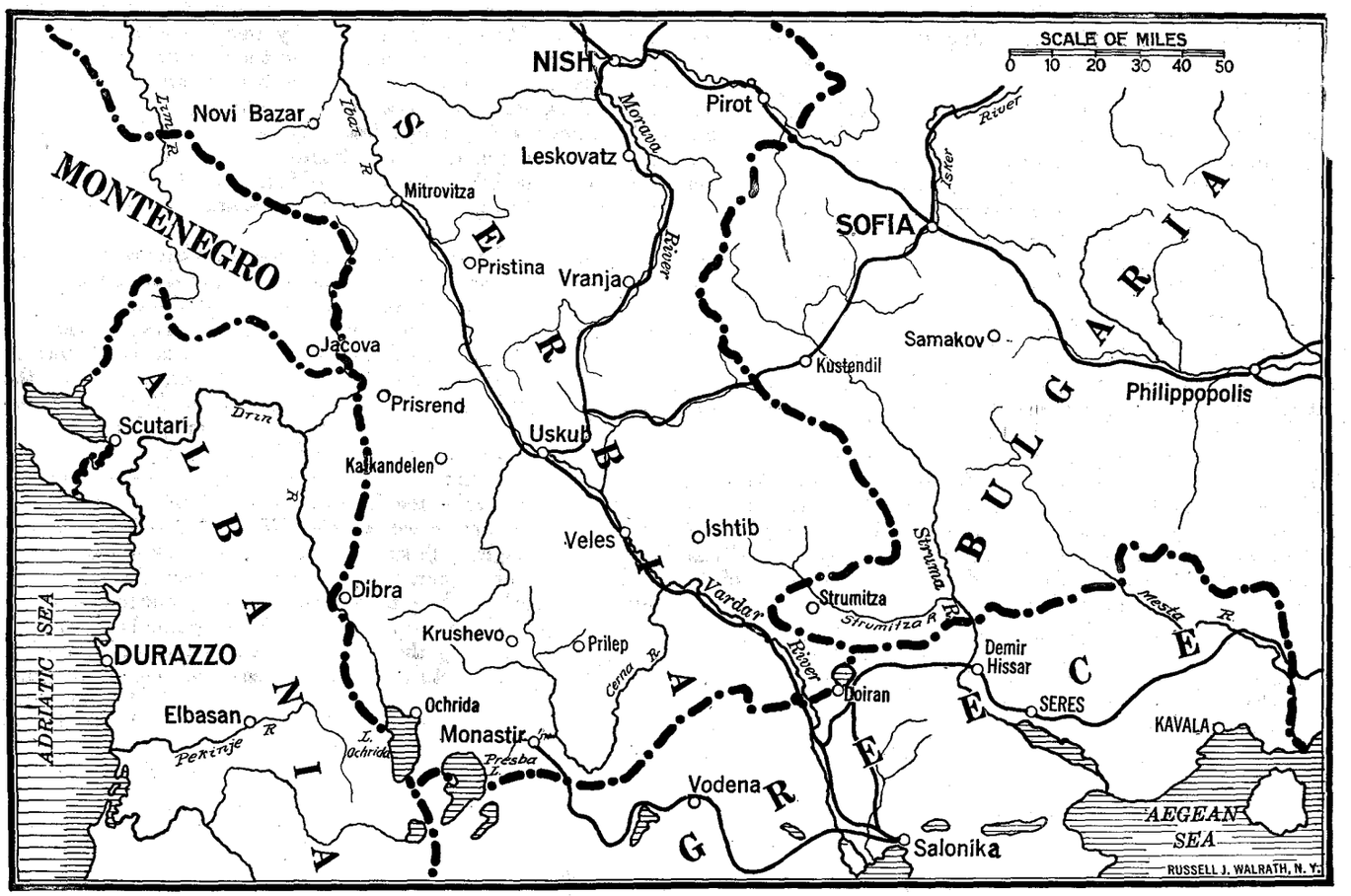

BULGARIA AND HER NEIGHBORS

Note especially the courses of the rivers as related to the military defeat of Bulgaria as described below. From Sofia, Bulgaria's capital, through Nish to Belgrade, Serbia's capital, is about two hundred miles. Rumania is directly north of Bulgaria

bian and French forces under General Franchet d'Esperey was the cause or the result of Bulgaria's determination to quit what she had come to believe was for her a losing war. There never has been much concealment of the fact that from the beginning Bulgaria has played for her own hand alone; she entered the war on Germany's side because Germany promised her Macedonia and other longed-for prizes if the Central Powers won the war; she leaves the war because she has lost faith in Germany's success, because she has not been supported by German troops, and because her own internal, economic, and political conditions are disturbing. Here, then, we have a striking proof that Germany's force is, as has been said, "crumbling at the edges."

Austria may follow Bulgaria's example; she also has lost faith in Germany's promises. Both Austria and Bulgaria unquestionably expected military support this year from Germany—the first against Italy, the second against the Allied army in the Balkans; they did not get it. Not that Germany is indifferent to the importance of the situation in Italy and the Near East; Germany simply cannot spare men and munitions from the western front in the face of General Foch's fierce and continuous attacks.

What does the surrender of Bulgaria—for it was nothing less—import? The possible consequence and opportunities for the Allies are far-reaching indeed. In the first place, the Allies at a stroke have cut in two with a belt of non-Teutonic occupation that "Mittel Europa" which had been an existing fact. This means that Turkey has lost her chief line of communication with Austria and Germany—not her only line, but by far the most direct and the best. As we write, October 1, there is a strong and growing opinion that Turkey must follow Bulgaria's example. The crushing defeat Turkey has just experienced in Palestine from General Allenby's forces has wiped out of existence great Turkish armies. Now her northern frontier is laid bare by the defection of her recent ally and old and bitter enemy, Bulgaria. Turkey, too, it seems certain, has called in vain upon Germany for more military aid. If Turkey does not now surrender, it is merely a question of military policy whether the Allies can best use their large forces in Greece and Macedonia against Turkey, or northward toward the Danube, or in both directions. If Turkey collapses by surrender or through force, the Dardanelles are opened to the Allies, the Black Sea can be reached, and the possibilities in the direction of a part of what was Russia but is now dominated by Germany are immense.

Turning northward, the possible results of the Bulgarian collapse are of the largest and most important character. If there is any one thing that the Allies desire, both for the sake of the war and for the sake of human justice, it is the restoration of Serbia. Only the restoration of Belgium could send a greater thrill through the world. One must not ignore the difficulties in the way, but the success of General d'Esperey in Macedonia and the withdrawal of the Bulgarian armies in Macedonia and Serbia have changed the position enormously. It may well be argued that Germany and Austria will find it more of a task than they can carry to oppose the Allies' armies in the Balkans without weakening their western front fatally.

THE DEFEAT AND THE SURRENDER

A month ago most military critics shook their heads as to immediate prospects of success in the Balkans. Mountain passes were the only means of advance. The physical difficulties of the country gave the enemy tremendous opportunities for defense. But the Serbian army, which has now added to the prestige and glory of its former fighting, drove forward from Monastir, with assistance from the French, defeated the Bulgarians in the passes, forced its way into the valley of the Cerna (see map), pushed forward to the junction of the Cerna and the Vardar, crossed the Vardar, took Strumitza to the east, and advanced rapidly to the north through Veles on Uskub, whence a comparatively easy road leads along the Morava River to Nish. If they were able to reach Nish, the railway between Belgrade and Sofia would be cut; the advance to Uskub divided the western and eastern armies of the Bulgarians;

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the cutting of the Vardar River boxed up, so to speak, the Bulgarian forces on the lower Vardar, so that many thousands of them were captured, while others had to escape through the mountains eastward.

A more complete smash-up of large armies has hardly occurred during this war. The victory of General Allenby in Palestine was quite as complete, but its military and political consequences were by no means as great. The German defeat of Rumania was as complete, but it took much longer and was made possible by circumstances beyond Rumania's control. Rumania itself, it should not be forgotten, may be brought again into the war on the side of the Allies by the Bulgarian collapse. It is beyond question that she will fight again if she can, but General von Mackensen is, we understand, at the head of German forces in northern Bulgaria and Rumania, and it is impossible to predict the exact course of events. There have been many rumors lately, even before the surrender of Bulgaria, that Rumania was on the point of revolting against the German rule.

The transfer of Bulgaria from the list of combatants against the Allies into a neutral country took barely two days. At noon, on Monday, September 30, Bulgaria ceased to be an enemy of the Allies. The terms went beyond the ordinary conditions of an unconditional surrender. As stated, apparently from official sources, in the London "Times" of October 1, the terms of the military agreement are as follows:

> It is clear, from its general features, that it places Bulgaria completely under Allied control. It therefore involves a breach between Bulgaria and Turkey on one hand, and between her and the Central Powers on the other.
>
> The main terms are that the Bulgarian army shall be immediately demobilized; its arms and munition stores placed in Allied control; all Greek and Serbian territory still occupied by Bulgarian troops evacuated; and all Bulgarian means of transportation, including ships on the Danube, be placed at Allied disposal for operations against the enemy. Provision is made for Allied occupation and use of points within Bulgarian territory of strategic value.
>
> The agreement is essentially military, and does not appear to deal with political issues, and leaves the frontier question in suspense. These questions can only be decided as part of the general peace terms, and for the moment, at any rate, Bulgaria's southern borders will be those of 1913.

A sound and valuable comment on the situation is that written by the military critic of the New York "Times" before the armistice was requested by Bulgaria:

> A separate peace, however, may be a trap, a delusion. If Bulgaria and Turkey were to make peace with the Allies and resume their former status of neutrals, holding diplomatic and commercial intercourse again both with Germany and with the Allies, the advantage would rest with Germany and not with the Allies. Exactly the same thing applies with equal force to Austria. . . . If such a peace were made, the net result would be that Germany would benefit by all of our commercial dealings with her erstwhile allies, she would get whatever she wanted of the food and other supplies that we sent them or that they obtained from other sources. Therefore in speaking of a separate peace in these columns, the kind of peace to which I refer is peace through unconditional surrender, peace through the unqualified acceptance of the terms which we propose to make; and these terms, as long as Germany continues to be our enemy, must be such that we shall be able to make the territory of her allies belligerent territory for our purposes, so that we can reach Germany from various sides. In this way, and only in this way, can a separate peace with Germany's allies be to our advantage.

The terms made with Bulgaria appear to comply with the principles thus set forth.

THE WESTERN FRONT ABLAZE

General Foch in the last week of September splendidly illustrated his purpose as it was indicated in a recent interview. In this interview he said: "The enemy is shaken up and shaken down, but is still holding out. You must not think that we shall get to the Rhine immediately. We have passed over the crest and are now going down hill. If we gather impetus as we go, like a rolling ball, so much the better."

It would be hard to name a sector of any length between Verdun and the English Channel where the Allies did not attack, and reattack, and gain, during the week ending October 1. Particularly noteworthy was the advance of Belgium's brave and persistent army on the northern sector of the line. By it a salient has been driven directly east past Dixmude to Roulers, which, as we write, is reported to have been taken. This attack was perhaps less expected by the Germans than any of the others. In a congratulatory telegram sent by General Haig to King Albert, he speaks of it as producing "magnificent results," and as part of "the most successful day for the Allied armies on the western front."

Farther south the British struck towards Cambrai, described as now so battered as to be of absolutely no value to Germany, and struck also both north and south of St. Quentin. In the movement north of St. Quentin the Americans and the Australians distinguished themselves. Reports in American papers, apparently semi-official in character, said that the Twenty-seventh Division (one of the New York divisions) has been fighting in this sector. Still going south on the western line, we find the French launching a new attack in the region between the Vesle and Aisne Rivers, and also taking possession of part of the famous Ladies' Road. Following the line as it turns eastward, we see that both French and Americans have fought with success against fierce resistance in the Argonne Forest sector, the French to the west, the Americans under General Pershing to the east. Probably our troops in this advance west of Verdun and east of the Argonne have seen the most severe fighting that the Americans have encountered in the war. Their capture of Montfaucon and Dannevoux and other towns marked a valuable advance. Despite the desperate German defense in this sector, both Americans and French have driven their lines forward.

If we compare the entire movement of the week to that of an enormous pair of pincers, then the British advance on the line from Cambrai to St. Quentin might be considered as one end of the pincers, and the French and American advance in the Argonne as the other end. Some observers see here evidence of a large-scale strategy that, if continued and successful, must drive the Germans to retire to an entirely new line.

After the wiping out of the St. Mihiel salient, the question was asked on every hand, Where will the next attack take place? As sector after sector came into action, the question changed and became, Which of these is the real attack and which are feigned? The news of the week under consideration (September 24 to October 1) seems to give the reply that all the attacks were serious and none of them a feint.

Neither what has happened in Bulgaria nor what has happened on the western front ought for a moment in any mind to produce the feeling that the victory is won. Now, more than ever, there is need for putting every available man, pound of munitions, and dollar of money into the effort. "Force to the utmost" is called for now even more than before. Any slacking in effort is simply playing the German game. The best argument for buying Liberty Bonds is the new war situation. The way to make the war short is to make it hot.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

In Congress the House of Representatives by a substantial vote has already approved the resolution which will submit to the various States for their ratification an amendment to the United States Constitution giving complete suffrage to the women of the country on the same terms as to men. Before this amendment to the Constitution could go to the separate States the resolution must have been adopted by the United States Senate, which has now defeated the proposal. The majority of the Senate is in favor of the resolution, but the adoption of a Constitutional amendment requires a two-thirds vote. There are ninety-six Senators. To pass the resolution, therefore, sixty-four affirmative votes are required. Until within a few days of this writing (October 2) the suffrage advocates believed that there were just sixty-four favorable votes in the Senate, but an alleged change of position of two Senators who had been counted upon to vote for suffrage put the resolution in jeopardy. On Monday of last week twenty-nine Democrats and thirty-two Republicans were believed to favor the suffrage amendment, while twenty-two Democrats and twelve Republicans were thought to

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oppose it. In this critical situation President Wilson determined to address the Senate personally and urge the adoption of the suffrage amendment. On that day he appeared before the Senate, and in a short but telling message, which he read from manuscript, gave what he believed to be urgent reasons why the Senate should follow the example of the House and approve the resolution. He repeated what he had said a few days before in New York, that this is a people's war, a war to establish throughout the world the principles of democracy. "Through many, many channels I have been made aware what the plain, struggling, workaday folk are thinking, upon whom the chief terror and suffering of this tragic war falls. They are looking to the great, powerful, famous democracy of the West to lead them to the new day for which they have so long waited; and they think, in their logical simplicity, that democracy means that women shall play their part in affairs alongside men and upon an equal footing with them."

For this reason the President regards the equal enfranchisement of women as a necessary war measure:

> This war could not have been fought, either by the other nations engaged or by America, if it had not been for the services of the women—services rendered in every sphere—not merely in the fields of effort in which we have been accustomed to see them work, but wherever men have worked and upon the very skirts and edges of the battle itself. We shall not only be distrusted but shall deserve to be distrusted if we do not enfranchise them with the fullest possible enfranchisement, as it is now certain that the other great free nations will enfranchise them. . . . I tell you plainly that this measure which I urge upon you is vital to the winning of the war and to the energies alike of preparation and of battle.

It is known that the President has held these views for a long time. Last July he wrote to Senator Shields, of Tennessee, who had objected to the suffrage amendment, urging him to support it on the ground that it was an essential war measure.

Although the power and justice of the President's address have been generally recognized throughout the country, its effect upon the Senate was not what the suffrage advocates anticipated. They hoped that enough of the Democratic Senators opposed to equal suffrage could be persuaded that party considerations, if no higher reasons, justified them in abandoning their theoretical or temperamental opposition and in following the President's guidance and advice. But when the issue came to a vote on Tuesday, October 1, it failed of passage by a recorded vote of 53 for the resolution and 31 against it. It is interesting to note that there were more Republican votes than Democratic recorded in favor of the resolution. The Democratic leaders, such as Senator Underwood and Senator Overman, in spite of the President's urgency, voted against the resolution.

WORK AND FIGHT

An enormous office building covering fifteen acres and planned to accommodate fifteen thousand employees of the War and Navy Departments has during the past summer been erected on public ground adjacent to Potomac Park within ten minutes' walk of the White House in Washington. This building, the largest of its kind in the country, is now nearing completion. Before the leaves have fallen from the trees it will be a vast hive of activity. This building, which is of semi-permanent construction, was erected in record time under the direction of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, Navy Department.

Unique methods were used to accomplish this end. The War Industries Board rushed the orders for materials, but, as the engineer in charge declares, it was the men that put it through. There were approximately thirty-five hundred laborers on this job, and no effort was spared to make them realize that they were a part of the great army fighting the war for democracy.

On July 8 a strange flag was raised on one of the two skeleton towers; it was the "job flag," showing that the half-way point had been passed and a good job done to date; that there was, in fact, not a slacker on the work.

To keep the men "fit" barracks were built, and each man had a place to "fix up" and call his own. Good times were provided, and not always after working hours. A start was made by having the whistle blow at eleven o'clock some mornings and getting the foremen to talk to the men about the job. These talks grew into great mass-meetings. Men gathered from every section of the fifteen acres covered by the building, a Navy band played, and the men marched in companies to the meeting. Each company had its own banner indicating the kind of work that the members of the company were doing. Big men came to talk to them.

In addition to these patriotic meetings there were baseball games between regular teams, boxing bouts, and dancing contests. Many of the men are forty-cents-an-hour laborers and not a few are Negroes. Some of these are fine dancers, and those who won the prize in a "buck and wing" contest on this job are said to have earned it.

This is not all. To get the message "over" to the men, to make them realize the part that they are taking in winning the war, a special artist was employed. Last July Gerrit A. Beneker was appointed to this position, with the title of "Expert Aid, Navy Department." It has been his business to make posters that would speak through the direct and universal language of art to the men on the job; to illustrate the weekly paper, the "Mixer," published on the work; and in every way to strengthen the morale and expedite progress.

This is one of the first instances in which an artist has been so employed, and it is good to know that his services have been found valuable.

Mr. Beneker has made seven striking posters which have been reproduced in color and given out to the men as folded insets with the work paper. They have therefore gone to many of the workingmen's homes, and in a striking way have emphasized the value and nobility of labor. The originals of the posters have been passed over to the Department of Labor, and will probably be reproduced in full color, large size, for distribution throughout the country. We reproduce one of the posters on another page.

This kind of art is understood by the workingman, but for this reason it is none the less worthy. In fact, it is through such channels as this that art to-day is again finding its real place.

REAL SOLDIERS OF THE SOIL

The other day at Camp Dix some forty men sat down to a "harvest luncheon." Nearly everything on the tables was from the war garden which the soldiers had planted earlier in the summer. The Camp's commander, Major-General Hugh L. Scott, passed the garden's string beans to Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the National War Garden Commission, which had made the Camp Dix demonstration garden possible. Portraits of General Scott and Mr. Pack appear in an illustration on another page. Army men helped themselves to the corn on the cob which had been taken from the garden that morning. The potatoes had been dug by machinery. Even the honey was from the war garden.

Despite the late start, the Camp Dix garden produced crops valued at no less than $25,000.

Moreover, the garden was to a great extent a clearing-house for men not quite ready for active military duty, the open air being just the prescription for soldiers who needed a little building up. To show what the garden did in this line, it may be recorded that some two thousand men have passed through the farm work division since the garden was planted.

There are also other elements in the Camp Dix garden. For instance, 581,000 pounds of hay have been produced there. In one field broom corn has been raised and a thousand brooms for the camp will be forthcoming. With brooms at a dollar apiece in the open market, this is a considerable item.

It is expected that next year thousands of acres will be placed under cultivation at Army camps as a result of the example of this demonstration garden. In feeding some fifty thousand men at each camp the transportation problem has been of course a great factor. The production of food close at hand means, therefore, a large economy.

There is another and perhaps an equal gain when health is considered, and that is because of the absolute freshness of the garden products. To many a private war gardener this summer the argument of freshness of products has been quite as much

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

"ALLAH IL ALLAH, FERDINAND; BUT THAT GERMAN GOTT—"

Pease in the Newark Evening News

SOMEBODY'S ON THE LINE!

SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE PLANS OF THE CENTRAL POWERS ON BOTH FRONTS

From Simplicissimus (Munich)

As cherries are now ripening, the authorities have decided to facilitate their distribution by numbering them. It is hoped that the task will be completed by October.

BAVARIAN SARCASM ON PRUSSIAN BUREAUCRATIC METHODS

From Esquella (Barcelona, Spain)

"What! crying because you've lost a tooth? Pooh! In this country you'll never need it."

De Bussy in Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

"Where are you going with all that stuff?"

"We have an invitation from friends for breakfast."

THE FOOD PROBLEM AS GERMAN, FRENCH, AND SPANISH CARTOONISTS SEE IT

Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam, Holland)

Germania: "Enough! enough! Have done!"
Death: "You chose me for a partner—you will continue to dance!"

GERMANY'S SELF-CHOSEN DANCE OF DEATH MUST GO ON

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of an inducement to work early and late out of doors as has been that of the saving in money.

WIPING "MADE IN GERMANY" OFF THE MAP

"Let's wipe that old 'Made in Germany' off the map." So said Dr. Charles H. Herty, Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the National Exposition of Chemical Industries at New York City, to a representative of The Outlook. To the man in the street as well as to the technician last year's Exposition marked an unprecedented development in chemistry, but Dr. Herty declares that this year's, comprising some three hundred and fifty exhibits, "has excelled in importance and in the broad relation to American National industrial life any exposition of the kind ever held." The speaker then particularized:

> The serious shortages in medicinals and dyestuffs have been rapidly made good; textiles have been improved, food preservation put upon a better basis, the field of electrometallurgy enlarged, and hitherto neglected wastes converted into valuable National assets. The slow processes of normal times would not have met the present emergency.

The Exposition was opened by Dr. Herty, ex-President of the American Chemical Society, with an address in which he announced that our Government has become the greatest manufacturer of chemicals in the world. Again particularizing, he said:

> We gave no thought to the efforts which might be required of us in the matter of poison-gas production. But when our authorities . . . determined to meet the Germans with their own weapons . . . it became necessary to make use of every available means for manufacturing toxic material. . . . The Government turned to the young dye industry for plants and trained organizations to augment its poison-gas output, and splendidly has the young industry responded. . . . In view of the adaptability of the dyestuff industry to such serious National needs, it is difficult to be patient with many of our mercantile establishments which still insist upon placarding their counters with signs such as, "The color of these goods cannot be guaranteed." What a sweet morsel of comfort these placards are to the enemy; in effect, an effort to preserve the market for him by our own people, if such they are!

As the dye industry has been definitely wrested from Germany, she has now but one monopoly left—potash. Yet here Dr. Herty held out substantial promise in saying: "The abundance of raw material is just as favorable for a domestic potash industry as was the case in the coal-tar chemical industry" (dyes and medicinals).

Every sightseer was impressed by evidences of the indispensable aid given to the Government by the chemists; evidence shown in the gas-mask exhibit, for instance, as continually demonstrated by four patient men; in the adaptation of fruit pits as raw material for making the absorbent charcoal used in the respirators; in the systems of blowing poison gas from the dugouts and of protecting our men from liquid fire, from TNT and other high explosives; in the substances for imparting better qualities to steel; in the Browning machine gun; and especially in the motion pictures which showed how chemistry had increased the speed of the manufacturer of munitions. Up to the present time in the war, on the western front two tons of ammunition have been used for each soldier killed, captured, or seriously wounded. A sufficient increase of the rate at which we get ammunition to the front would save one soldier for every two tons of ammunition.

The Exposition covered the history of chemical science in exhibiting first the raw material, then the requisite machinery from simple appliances up to complete plants for intricate operations, and, finally, the finished product. The value of a tyro's trip through such a bewildering place was doubled by the eagerness of attendants, who all seemed highly trained experts, to explain every process.

A CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

Festivals of choral and orchestral music are not unknown in America, though not so regular a feature of our musical life as of England's; the Bach festivals at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and the annual gatherings at Mr. Carl Stoeckel's Music Shed in Norfolk, Connecticut, have made the idea of people's coming together from afar to make or enjoy music a familiar one. But on September 16–18 there took place the first festival ever devoted entirely to the purest, most exacting form of music—music for the string quartette and other small groups of instruments. It was offered by Mrs. Frederick S. Coolidge, founder of the Berkshire Quartette, to her friends of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and to well-known musicians gathered from afar in a "Music Temple" built especially for the purpose on South Mountain, near Pittsfield. Here keenly interested and often deeply moved audiences gathered for three days to listen to five concerts: one by the Berkshire Quartette; one by the Elshuco Trio; one by the Longy Club, of Boston, a group of wood wind instruments; one by the Letz Quartette; and one by the Berkshire Quartette, assisted by the Letz Quartette. Among the musicians present were Louise Homer, Susan Metcalfe-Casals, Franz Kneisel, Kreisler, Zimbalist, members of the Kneisel, Letz, Berkshire, Flonzaley, and Olive Mead Quartettes; the conductors Ossip Gabrilowitsch, of Detroit, Frederick Stock, of Chicago, Kurt Schindler, of New York; the American composers David Stanley Smith, Daniel Gregory Mason, Rubin Goldmark, and Henry Holden Huss.

Much interest centered in the performance during the festival of string quartettes by American composers, Tadeusz Iarecki and Alois Reiser, which had been awarded first and second prizes in a competition for which a first prize of one thousand dollars had been offered by Mrs. Coolidge, and for which eighty-two manuscripts had been submitted. Mr. Iarecki is a Pole now serving in the Polish Legion in France. Mr. Reiser, born in Prague, is cellist and assistant conductor at the Strand Theater in New York. As often happens in prize competitions, the second prize-winner was a more original and powerful work than the first, which, though skillfully written for the strings, was somewhat empty musically and in the so-called "ultra-modern style," which has become stereotyped. It is to be hoped that next time the judges—Messrs. Hugo Kortschak, Kurt Schindler, and Franz Kneisel—will pay less attention to manner and more to matter.

As Mr. Rubin Goldmark said in the short speech in which at the end of the last concert he expressed the gratitude of the audience, it was deeply solacing to be able still to find in these tragic days such inspiration as musical art alone can give. In thus helping to carry it on intact to the period of reconstruction after the war Mrs. Coolidge is doing a finely patriotic service. For, as she herself said in her brief response to Mr. Goldmark, "in keeping art alive we are doing what we best can to serve America."

THE NEW CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Ever since Karl Muck's resignation the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been without a conductor. Unable to find a permanent conductor, it has engaged a temporary one in the person of Pierre Monteux. The change of name indicates that the Boston Orchestra is no longer to perpetuate the notion that only a Teuton can conduct symphony concerts—indeed, the names of Toscanini, Lamoureux, and Chevillard have already sufficiently proved the contrary.

While welcoming to his repertory classical German music, M. Monteux bans German music by living authors, also the music of Wagner, and for these reasons, as explained in an interview just published in the Boston "Herald":

> I will do anything to help win the struggle, and if any one can convince me that the end will be brought nearer by giving up the classics of German music—Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms—I am willing to give them up. So far, however, I cannot see how the silencing of the music of these masters can do the least to help win the war, and it is my purpose (as it is the purpose, I am sure, of all French conductors) to give the great classics due place on concert programmes. Personally, I will not play Wagner, nor will I play the works of any living German or Austrian composer. . . . I will not play Wagner because of his attitude toward France in the war of '70–71. Moreover, looked at from another point of view, much of the best music that Wagner wrote—"The Ring" and "Die

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Meistersinger"—is in glorification of German ideals as found in the *Kultur* of to-day.

M. Monteux holds, reports the "Herald," that the music of the best German and Austrian composers of the past has become the property of the whole world and that this music is an integral and necessary part of the repertory of musicians. In reviewing the names of such composers, that of Beethoven probably springs quickest to the lips, and of him M. Monteux has to say that, at heart republican, Beethoven, if still living, would doubtless be against the war.

The French conductor then proceeded to pay his respects to Richard Strauss:

> I particularly specifically object to the performance of any music of Richard Strauss during the war.
>
> I believe I was the first one in this country to refuse to play the music of Strauss. That was two years ago, when I came to this country as conductor for the Ballet Russe. Arriving in New York, they told me that my first work was to superintend and direct the first performance in this country of the ballet founded on "Till Eulenspiegel," whereupon I informed the management that I would take the next ship back to France.
>
> It was my fortune in May, 1914, to prepare for Strauss the production in Paris of his ballet "Joseph." This was a little more than two months before the beginning of the war. Strauss's attitude toward France, French art, French music, and French musicians was even then unbearable. He was arrogant and insulting, and, even without war, I was almost persuaded to give up playing his music; but, in view of what followed, Strauss became impossible for me.

A contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company makes it impossible for M. Monteux to remain with the Boston Symphony throughout the entire coming season. This short conductorship, however, will doubtless awaken much interest and add to the high reputation of the Boston Symphony Concerts.

"DON'T"

> Don't crowd. Don't jam the entrances of railways, theaters, and places of assembly.
>
> Don't put unclean things into your mouth. Don't eat or drink in dirty places. Don't eat without first washing the hands.
>
> Don't expose yourself to cold or wet. Don't over-exert. Avoid all excesses.
>
> Don't go out if feeling unwell. Take care. Keep fit.
>
> *Don't forget to use your handkerchief*, covering mouth when coughing or sneezing.
>
> Don't worry.

The italics are our own. The above "don'ts" are taken from the New York "Globe," to which we add a few from Health Commissioner Copeland, of New York City. They are:

> Proper selection of food, and exercise in the open air, particularly walking, are helpful in making one's resistance to the disease stronger.
>
> Dry sweeping on the platforms of subway and elevated stations, in factories and stores, as well as other public places, and the shaking of rugs in public places, are dangerous.
>
> So far as possible, avoid becoming fatigued.

As may be imagined, these rules have special application at this time when the malady known as "Spanish influenza" has become epidemic. The Boards of Health of the various cities ask all who believe that they have the symptoms of this disease to go to bed at once and then consult a physician. It is desirable, they say, that patients have separate rooms. "Keep all visitors away" is the injunction. The rules for patients emphasize the need for cleanliness and sanitary care, particularly the careful washing of all utensils and other articles used. The Boards of Health also warn against the use of patent medicines, and call for a country-wide enforcement of the laws against expectoration.

With the appropriation of $1,000,000 provided by Congress on September 28 to combat this form of influenza the United States Public Health Service, co-operating with the medical authorities of the Army and Navy, began a vigorous campaign to check it. At that time it had spread to thirty-six States of the Union and was killing some four per cent of its victims. The fine clear weather since then has, however, proved a valuable ally in combating the epidemic, as have been the methods employed by various municipal health commissioners; for instance, in New York City there are now doctors and nurses in charge of the railway terminal quarters twenty-four hours of each day. Any arriving traveler found to be suffering from Spanish influenza is removed to his home or to a hospital, where proper isolation is insisted upon.

As was the case with the infantile paralysis epidemic two years ago, the eastern shore of New England has been the first to receive the brunt of the disease. Up to October 1 some 85,000 cases in Massachusetts alone had been reported, the eastern cities like Boston, Brockton, Quincy, and Gloucester being the worst hit. There is urgent demand in Massachusetts for more doctors and nurses. Measures to prevent the further spread of the influenza are in force everywhere throughout the State. Schools have been closed, public gatherings barred, tramcars disinfected, and gauze masks distributed to protect persons who find it necessary to come in contact with influenza patients.

The army cantonments have also suffered, particularly Camp Devens, in Massachusetts, and Camp Dix, in New Jersey.

The malady, which arose in Spain, spread through the fighting area in France, where its ravages in the German army were more noticeable than in the forces of the Entente Allies. In character the disease seems much like the ordinary grippe, its special characteristics being noted in the pneumonia which sometimes follows.

IMPROVING URBAN CONDITIONS AMONG NEGROES

The unparalleled migration of the past two years of Negroes from the South to the North is still taxing every agency interested in the social, economic, and industrial development of the Negro, and is attracting the sympathetic attention of the public, which is also witnessing the Negroes' spirit of loyal co-operation with the Government's war programme. The National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes has had seven years of experience in securing and training Negro social workers. Its policy has been one of co-operation with all existing agencies, and it is a valuable agency because of its activities in probationary work, its interest in parks and playgrounds and other sources of clean amusement, its wide experience in the field of surveys and investigation of city living conditions in thirty cities of the country, North and South.

Both the National and local offices of the League are called upon for assistance in providing trained workers to meet the demands resulting from the employment of Negroes in industry. These workers are being used by the Government, by private enterprises and plants of every description to act as arbitrators between employer and employee, to reduce labor turnover, to provide and place skilled workers, and to oversee proper recreational and housing provision for the new arrivals. That employers value the services of these welfare workers is evidenced by the number now being used in steel, powder, ship-building, electrical mining, and other industries. Other industrial concerns not employing social workers regularly are calling upon the League to furnish lecturers and speakers to address noonday meetings of the workers and mass-meetings in the community surrounding the industrial plants.

Better positions and better workers, we are informed, are now resulting from the steady, though decreased, migration. As the first rush of those affected by industry's call passed, a more thoughtful and carefully planned exodus began which is furnishing a more dependable class of migrants, better prepared to meet the changed conditions from a rural—often an agricultural—district to the atmosphere of a complex industrial city life.

In Detroit, where the number of migrants has been very great, owing to the many manufacturing plants now using Negro labor, community recreation has been an interesting feature of the League's work. This included supervised picnics, dances, and outdoor and indoor games. A special police officer to mingle with the migrants in pool-rooms, clubs, saloons, and on street corners, with a view to regulating conduct in public, proved a helpful venture. This particular feature had been found very helpful in New York, where the New York League, six months prior to the draft and at least nine months before the "work or fight" order went into effect, had two colored officers assigned to its Harlem office for ten weeks to mingle with the newcomers,

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urging the men to work or undergo arrest—a feature which probably facilitated the work of the Draft Board later.

The Urban League of Chicago, also faced with the problem of housing and training its new population as well as protecting it from exploitation, furnished a housing survey for the packers which resulted in better accommodations for the employees of the stockyards. The Chicago League's programme includes probation, organization of nurseries, and girls' and boys' and men's and women's clubs. Its employment activities have been taken over by the United States Employment Service, which is using the machinery developed by the League, including its office force.

The recently organized Urban League of East St. Louis has already brought about such relationship between the races and between employer and employee as will make improbable a repetition of the recent riots, which were the result of the lack of co-operation due to poor city and industrial organization.

The results from these varied fields of usefulness in which the League is active attest the foresight of its organizers nearly eight years ago. The League's headquarters in New York City are at 200 Fifth Avenue.

A WORLD RECORD IN SHIP-BUILDING

A statement just made by the Bureau of Navigation of the United States Department of Commerce seems to establish a new world record for this country in the production of ships for twelve months. According to this statement, in the calendar year ending September 26 there was placed in service in the United States 1,956,455 gross tons of shipping. The nearest record to this is that of Great Britain, which in 1913 turned out about twenty thousand tons less of shipping. The figures collated by the Bureau of Navigation are taken directly from the official listing and numbering of the ships. The production of shipping in Great Britain for the same twelve months, reduced to the standard of gross tonnage, is slightly behind that of this country. If the same figures are expressed in dead-weight tonnage rather than gross tonnage, the amount would be three million dead-weight tons. As it happens, that amount was long ago estimated by experts as the entire possible output for this country in the year 1918. As a matter of fact, when the remaining three months of 1918 come to be included, with deduction for the last three months of 1917, the total dead-weight tonnage produced in the year 1918 will be much above three millions.

Simultaneously comes from the United States Shipping Board a statement which shows that within its jurisdiction on September 1 last there were altogether, new and old, 2,185 sea-going vessels, with a total of 951,195,015 dead-weight tonnage. The Shipping Board also gives out some extremely interesting statistics as regards the shipping of the world, Germany and Austria excluded. One of the most interesting points made is that in the month of August the ship production in America alone slightly exceeded the total losses of ships by the Allied and neutral countries. That production of ships will hereafter exceed losses is as certain as anything can be. Other world tonnage figures given by the Shipping Board are as follows:

	Dead-weight tons.
Total losses (Allied and neutral) August, 1914–September 1, 1918	21,404,913
Total construction (Allied and neutral) August, 1914–September 1, 1918	14,247,825
Total enemy tonnage captured (to end of 1917)	3,795,000
Excess of losses over gains	3,362,088

Nothing could be more cheerful and encouraging than the general conclusion of the Shipping Board's report. It says: "The American merchant marine is to-day expanding more rapidly than any other in the world. In August of this year the United States took rank as the leading ship-building nation in the world. It now has more shipyards, more shipways, more ship-workers, more ships under construction, and is building more ships every month than any other country, not excepting the United Kingdom, hitherto easily the first ship-building power. Prior to the war the United States stood a poor third among the ship-building nations."

THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITIONS O PEACE

THE dramatic collapse of Bulgaria and the apparent rapi crumbling of the conspiracy between Germany and he three accomplices lend a new and vivid interest to th President's speech on the war which he made at the Metropolita Opera House on Friday evening, September 27, at the openin of the new Liberty Loan campaign.

In that speech, which has aroused profound interest an favorable comment both at home and abroad, the Presider redefined the character of the war, the motives that led th American people to enter it, the purposes that guide the cor duct of our part of it, and the ends which we shall insist upo obtaining. He says that it is a people's war and not a war c diplomats or of government officials. With this assertion w cordially agree, for it has seemed to us from the very beginnin of the invasion of Belgium to be a people's war. And we ar interested, in turning back over the pages of The Outlook to find that in April, 1917, in commenting upon America' entrance into the struggle, we said:

> America has at last placed herself where for months she has belonged.
>
> President Wilson, the servant of the people, has obeyed the people's conscience.
>
> Since this is a people's war, we must remember that it is fought for the people's rights.
>
> And if ever it was the duty of a nation to fight for the people's rights, that duty rests on America to-day.

American civilians and soldiers as one body assent when th President says: "We are all agreed that there can be no peac obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Gov ernments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt witl them already, and have seen them deal with other Governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest They have convinced us that they are without honor and d not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no prin ciple but force and their own interest. We cannot 'come t terms' with them. They have made it impossible. The Germa people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accep the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do no think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agree ment."

The President is correct in saying that the country is agreec upon this attitude toward the Hohenzollern conspirators whos character and trustworthiness he has so clearly and completely defined. Many patriotic Americans have been anxious lest th Administration, yielding to the pressure of a desire to put ar end to the unparalleled destruction of human lives, might finally enter into negotiations with the Prussians for a cessatior of hostilities. This categorical statement of the President must we think, finally abolish such fear of compromise. The Amer ican people and the American Government are now unitedly determined to make war upon Germany until Germany cries Hold, enough! and guarantees to make every humanly possible reparation for the suffering, destruction, and cruel injustice she has deliberately brought upon mankind. On this we must, i necessary, stake our last man and our last dollar.

Nor can we accept any professions of surrender or any pledges of repentance or reform from the Hohenzollern dynasty or its military accomplices. The Hohenzollerns and their system must go. So says the President. So say the American people.

Thus on the first two of the President's three main points there will be a practically unanimous agreement throughout the country; namely, that this is a people's war, fought for democratic justice and not for geographical or political gain and, second, that we cannot have any dealings, now or hereafter with the despotic clique at Potsdam who made this war for purposes of world conquest.

As to the third point of the President's address there will be debate and discussion. This point is that when peace is obtained by a military victory over the Hohenzollerns it must be maintained by a permanent League of Nations. The President says that such a League cannot be formed now and probably cannot be formed after peace is established, the inference being that he thinks it must be formed at the peace table as one of the

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ıecessary concomitants of the peace agreement. When such a League is formed, he states that it must involve five principles, s follows:

First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;

Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or any group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all;

Third, there can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations;

Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control.

Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world.

Special alliances and economic rivalries and hostilities have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war. It would be an insincere as well as an insecure peace that did not exclude them in definite and binding terms.

The President was right in giving so large a part of his peech to a discussion of a possible League of Nations, for 'hile it is important to obtain peace, its maintenance on a just asis for all time to come is a matter of still greater importance ɔ civilization. We shall not here undertake to discuss in detail he President's proposals for such a League, although we think hose proposals are debatable. We shall simply here restate ur own view of a League of Nations, not because we presume ɔ compete with the President, whose mastery of definition of 'ar issues is now recognized throughout the world, but because 'e wish to reformulate at this crisis our own slowly thought ut conclusions and convictions.

We do not think that a League of Nations is to be created ow, at the peace table, or after the peace table, for such a ɹeague is already in existence. It consists of our twenty-two ıllies and ourselves, and is practically and successfully working. 'his League by freely pooling its economic and military powers ; now established to obtain world justice; it must be continued ɔ maintain that justice. The present League is governed ırough its war powers; when peace is gained, it must be conıued under civil powers. These civil powers must be defined y a working agreement made at the peace table. To this ɹeague no other nations, neutral or belligerent, must be admitted ho do not solemnly subscribe to this agreement and give satisıctory guarantees of their moral capacity to keep their oath.

To picture in the mind's eye such a League is not difficult, ut to work out the details of its operation is a complex probm which will require all the sagacity of the most liberal and ıagnanimous statesmanship to solve. The two greatest difficulıes to be surmounted are involved in the economic and political ɹlationships of the members of the League. There can be no ɹeague without a supreme court or supreme legislature to hich the members of the League shall delegate power to act ɔr all the members and to whose final authority each member ıation shall agree to submit. On what terms shall this political ɔwer be delegated? What shall be the basis of representation? hall Cuba have as large a vote in this supreme body as the nited States, or Siam as Great Britain? Our own country is league of forty-eight members. We have met the problem of ɔlitical representation by granting each member an equal ɔice with every other in the upper house of the supreme legistive body, but we have based representation in the lower ɔuse on population. It seems clear to us that any just and ıccessful League of Nations must rest upon the principle of ·oportional political representation.

The President insists that the League must maintain just ıd equal economic rights. Does he mean by that absolute free ade or even economic uniformity? There are now in the world ·o great democratic leagues whose successful operation throws me light upon this question. The league of the forty-eight States of this Union has adopted absolute free trade. From Oregon to Pennsylvania, and from Maine to Texas, there are no economic barriers of any kind, and each member deals with all the other members on equal terms. In the league which we call the British Empire a different system is followed, the system of reciprocity. Canada, Australia, Great Britain, and South Africa are bound together in economic sympathy and dealing. There is fair trade and just trade between them, but not free trade. Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand determine for themselves their economic relations with each other and the mother country, but under the advice and guidance of an Imperial conference held from time to time. Doubtless the ideal for a League of Nations would be free trade, and that perhaps may come with an evolutionary progress of society. But it is visionary to suppose that it can be established at the peace table. Each member of the League must be left at least a certain amount of economic initiative and economic independence, free to establish its own economic relations with other members of the League.

As a general statement we think it may safely be said that the first step in establishing the constitution and by-laws of the coming League of Nations is to lay down the basis of political association and representation, leaving the economic details to be worked out by an evolutionary process. In other words, the new League of Nations must be a federation for certain fundamental, common purposes of mutual protection, and not a union for a co-ordinated administration of all the functions of political, social, and industrial life.

PATRIOT AND PRIEST

Protestants find some difficulty in understanding how it is possible for a Roman Catholic to harmonize his faith in the infallibility of the Pope and his loyalty to the Church with unreserved loyalty to the nation of which he is a member. It must be said on behalf of such Protestants that the difficulty in reconciling these two loyalties has proved great in Ireland and in France and almost insuperable in Italy; but it must be said, on the other hand, that American Roman Catholics have not found difficulty in reconciling their piety and their patriotism in this country. There are no more patriotic American citizens than those to be found in the Roman Catholic Church, from its Cardinals to its humblest laity. The Service Flags which hang from the windows of our Roman Catholic churches bear silent but eloquent testimony to the truth that thousands of Roman Catholics are laying down their lives on foreign soil in order to win liberty for the world. The hostility to the war has been found, not in Roman Catholic circles, but in the I. W. W., the Anarchistic group, and some of the more radical Socialists, all of whom are opposed, not only to the Roman Catholic Church, but to all the churches and to all that the Church stands for.

Of this practical harmony of piety with patriotism, of devotion to the Church with devotion to the country, the life of Archbishop John Ireland, who died on Wednesday, September 25, affords a striking illustration. John Ireland was born in Ireland, September 11, 1834, came to the United States in boyhood, and was ordained as a Roman Catholic priest in 1861. At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army as a chaplain, where he not only fulfilled officially his priestly duties, but at critical times shared with the privates in their services and their hazards. It is related of him that at one time when the lines were hard pressed this young priest saved the day, when the ammunition was exhausted, by bringing up the needed cartridges and emptying them into the soldiers' haversacks. Returning home, he became a pioneer in the temperance campaign at a time when pioneering required both clearness of vision and courage of convictions. He not only spoke for temperance at various points, but also he "made hut-to-hut visits to St. Paul's shantytown, throwing bottles out of squalid doorways." He refused absolution to saloon-keepers, and is reported to have said proudly that there was not a Catholic name over a saloon in his parish. He was an advocate of the public school. He believed that it is the function of the state to educate its children, and when the unsuccessful attempt was

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made in this country by certain ecclesiastics to discipline parents for sending their children to the public school he exercised a great influence in creating the public opinion which made that effort unsuccessful. He proposed a plan by which Roman Catholic teachers should be appointed in State schools, pledging themselves not to use any symbols or give any instructions of a distinctly Roman Catholic nature during the school hours. This plan as a definite scheme to be put in operation in the town of Faribault, Minnesota, did not succeed, but the principle upon which that plan was founded has now become generally accepted. In most communities in America the fact that a teacher is a Roman Catholic does not interfere with his appointment, and nowhere, so far as we know, do such teachers take advantage of their position for proselyting purposes.

Archbishop Ireland did not wait for the present war to resist the attempt in this country to create bodies of hyphenated citizens. When it was proposed to appoint national bishops for the Roman Catholic churches, he went to Rome to urge the Vatican not to give its sanction to any such factional and divisive policy, and succeeded in his mission. When, at the close of the war in the Philippines, the difficult question came up, In what way should the Filipinos be truly emancipated from the control exercised over them by the fact that much of their best land was owned by the Friars? Archbishop Ireland contributed valuable service to the National Administration in its dealing with this problem. Some individual Roman Catholics and some Roman Catholic societies in this country desired to keep that land under the control of the Friars, a policy which Archbishop Ireland vigorously opposed. In a sermon preached in the summer of 1902 he issued a challenge to the enemies of the policy of liberation and strongly supported the action of the United States in its successful negotiation to secure the purchase of those lands at a fair price and so protect both the property rights of the landowners and the political rights of the people. In the present war Archbishop Ireland's patriotism was vigorous and aggressive. As soon as Congress declared war the Archbishop called on his people to remember that they were Americans, and from that time put his eloquence and his energy at the service of the Nation in his appeals for military training, for the purchase of Liberty bonds, and for contributions to the Red Cross and other war relief funds.

His critics have said that Archbishop Ireland was ambitious. That is probably true. Most men who are good for anything are ambitious. We do not doubt that it was a real, and perhaps bitter, disappointment to him not to receive the Cardinal's hat. He was not one to fall under the condemnation of Christ in the saying, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you!" His vigorous participation in the great questions of the day probably prevented the Vatican from giving him the promotion which his services had earned. But he earned what was much better—the reverent affection of thousands of his fellow-citizens for his life of unselfish service and courageous warfare. Patriot and priest, Archbishop John Ireland well deserves the grateful remembrance in which he will be held, not only by the membership of his own Church, but by all who love a patriotic and devoted fellow-American.

THE PUPIL REPORTS

They lay down on the grassy hilltop together, the Soldier and the Happy Eremite. It was Sunday, and the Soldier, stranded in the metropolis from afar, had remembered a course in English composition wherein he and the Eremite had sat at opposite sides of the teacher's desk, and had telephoned—might he come out? The Happy Eremite had not seen or heard from the Soldier since they had parted with the cordiality with which an A at the close of a course has a way of investing the final farewells. He felt a pleasant glow to think that the man should have cared to pick up the old threads after seven years.

They met as complete contemporaries, the tough ghost of the old relationship of teacher and student laid forever by the student himself with a greeting that ended in the Eremite's first name. There was eight or nine years' difference in their ages. It vanished instantly. The Happy Eremite thanked God for that.

They stretched in the deep rowan. The hill sloped sharply southward to a wooded plain bordering a wide expanse of blue waters where a tug with three barges moved slowly toward the open sea. On the hill about them was the music of summer, undefinable and pervasive; in the valley below them were roofs half hidden in heavy maples, like the cottages of some seventeenth-century pastoral, "bosom'd high in tufted trees."

> "A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
> Forever flushing round a summer sky."

Beauty, calm in exquisite and thoughtful maturity, walked around them and between them like a palpable presence, a spirit with audible garments. They interrupted their conversation to listen to her; and took it up again with their minds elsewhere, half expecting to hear a snatch of human speech from her. She was so close and real that they scarcely noted where over green tree-tops the gaunt, grimy, savage, muscular shape of the great munition city reclined in dust and smoke. Beauty spread veils over it.

And as they lay there the Soldier told of the strange new life into which the war had suddenly thrust him. He had been a man of books, essentially an indoor man, whose companions had been the rarefied spirits that breathe and glow and speak from between the lines of printed symbols which we call literature. The perilous currents on which he had set his canoe had been the currents not of men but of ideas. He had known of humanity only that fraction which walked up and down the elm-shaded street of the pleasant university town—men and women who hunted ideas through the forests of Parnassus with the avid excitement of a hungry darky hunting 'possums, or, more rarely, with the passionate self-forgetfulness of a saint hunting God. The war like a derrick-dredge had scooped him out of his subaqueous world and dumped him into a cantonment. He could scarcely have been more stirred by the abrupt change if he had actually been a merman.

The Happy Eremite, too, was a man of books, and he listened to the Soldier's tale as a child listens to stories

> "of antres vast and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven—
> And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

The Soldier told of his barrack mates—a Pole with a genius for music; a Swede caught in the draft just as he was about to claim the inheritance which had chased him hither and thither half-way round the world; a Jew who was by occupation an East Side tailor and by nature a scholastic theologian; the north-of-Maine man, a taciturn giant who thought the sergeant did not quite know his business because he refused to consider the advisability of supplementing the bayonet with the ax. He told of the outdoor life, the vigorous work, the hilarious horse-play, the captain with the passion for cleanliness, the despotic lieutenant who snarled at his men and wondered why he was left behind drilling recruits when successions of other men were sent to France. He told of the drudgery, the loading of two-hundred-pound cases from trucks to trains, of weariness that was like pain and sleep that was like a night in heaven sailing on clouds among the stars.

To the Happy Eremite it was all amazing romance. His heart, which was younger than his years, cried out for a share in it. But his conscience interposed with an elderly smile, and he submitted. The romance, he was ready to admit, would probably wear off promptly; besides, romance was not for men in the middle thirties with families—not that kind of romance, anyway.

"Try again!" he said to Temptation, not without the conscious pride of the righteous. "You can't get me that way."

Temptation did try again, for the Soldier, gazing out over the wooded plain to the strip of blue water, told of strange transformations in his own heart and mind wrought by the intimate companionship with men from strata which he had previously never touched. The Happy Eremite saw that in the Soldier mighty forces were hammering iron into steel under the fires of experience. In a flash he saw something more; for he saw the whole youth of the country as a mighty forge where steel was

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being tempered to great uses. He saw a new fellowship of men-who-have-been-tried-by-fire, a fellowship out of which would come the guiding vision and the spur of the democratic impulses of his country for fifty years—

A fellowship from which he was excluded.

He rose quickly to his feet. The Soldier looked at him curiously.

"I wonder," said the Happy Eremite, after a long pause, "whether it is not we who stay at home, rather than you who go, who should say, 'We who are about to die salute you'?"

The Soldier did not quite understand and the Eremite did not try to explain. But as they walked slowly home to another hilltop where Sunday dinner was awaiting them the Happy Eremite was conscious that there was again the chasm between them that gapes between pupil and teacher. But now it was not he who was of those who are wise and who dispense wisdom.

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

SOME REMINISCENCES RECORDED BY ONE OF HIS TEACHERS

When the author of this interesting sketch sent it to The Outlook, it was his intention not to introduce his own personality by even giving his name to our readers. His purpose in writing it, as our purpose in printing it, is not merely to offer a pen portrait of the remarkable boy who has given his life that we at home may continue to enjoy democracy and freedom, but to illustrate by a concrete instance the spirit and enthusiasm which are animating so many thousands of American boys and young men in the great struggle. We think, however, that our readers will like to know who this teacher is and what this school was that apparently exercised so pronounced an influence on the boy Quentin. So we take the liberty of saying that the author of the article is the Rev. Ambler M. Blackford, now rector of St. Helena's Church at Beaufort, South Carolina, and that the boarding-school at which he taught Quentin and formed with him that delightful relationship of friend and schoolmaster was the Episcopal High School near Alexandria, Virginia. It must be a constant joy to teachers to know that scarcely any relationship in life may be more intimate and more formative than that of the schoolboy to the older man who is not merely his schoolmaster but his companion and friend.—THE EDITORS.

"LIEUTENANT Roosevelt Meets Heroic Death"—the headline startled me. I read the despatch with deep emotion. The horrors of war seemed suddenly very close to me. I had lost a friend.

I did not know *Lieutenant* Roosevelt. Indeed, I had not known the young student who had won honors at Harvard. I had read of both these from time to time, and always with pro-

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

Of this picture the author of these reminiscences says: "I have only one photograph of Quentin, taken while he was at the Episcopal High School; indeed, it is the only one taken of him during that session. In order to get it the photographer had to stand at some distance so Quentin would not know he was being snapped. Hence the figure [at the left of the picture in the light cap], while characteristic of the boy, is rather small. It is on a post-card, and was taken in Alexandria, Virginia, during a George Washington celebration in 1909"

found interest. But I did know the *boy* Quentin. The sturdy, vigorous, tow-headed youngster, just emerging from childhood into adolescence—I knew him very well. For a good part of his twelfth year I knew him almost in the relationship of an elder brother.

Quentin was a little younger than most of the boys in the boarding-school. He was sent there at that age because his parents were to leave the White House in March, and they did not desire to have their son's school year interrupted. All of his brothers had preceded him to Groton, and he was to go the following year; but Quentin was not yet quite old enough. Then, too, this particular boarding-school was not far from Washington; so, until inauguration, Quentin might see "the folks," as he always referred to his family, with some frequency.

He was treated as the other boys; neither he nor his parents would have wished it otherwise. I recall only one exception to this rule, and that was only because of his tender years. His parents requested that the boy be put under the special care of one of the masters (or teachers) of the school; and, if consistent with discipline, that he be allowed to sleep in the room with this master. The request was granted by the principal, and so it happened that the writer was for six months or more in intimate association with the Benjamin of the White House.

Quentin would awaken usually long before others were stirring; but he never did anything to annoy my slumbers in the adjoining bed—that is, not until the rising-bell would ring, and then he would sometimes pounce with all his avoirdupois upon me as I lay fast asleep, to be sure that I would not be late for breakfast!

During those early morning hours, when he could not go back to sleep, he used to tiptoe over to the bookcase and pick out a number of volumes. Then, quietly back again, he would deposit his armful on the foot of the bed and start reading—sitting on the mattress with legs crossed under him. In this position he would sit for more than an hour lost in his books. First it might be a chapter of Dickens, then some pages of chemistry or a book on electricity or zoölogy (none of which books was in his school course at that time), then a chapter of history, and finally a light popular novel—the "lighter" and more thrilling the better.

During a long connection with this school and in the years since, I have been thrown with several thousand boys, but never have I seen another like Quentin—certainly not at that age. He seemed to have a store of knowledge on every conceivable subject. He had marked powers of concentration, and when he applied himself (which I must admit he did not always do in his studies) he was a good student.

As I have intimated above, the boy was that session being prepared for entrance to Groton the following fall. At the end of the session he was a little behind in a few of his studies, especially in his Latin. It fell to my lot to coach him in Latin before he should take the Groton entrance examinations. In six weeks' time we covered a year and a half of what was usually taken in the school course, and Quentin passed his examination with flying colors. This shows the mental capacity of this boy of

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eleven years. I remember one morning I assigned him two solid pages of paradigms—all of the Latin pronouns, personal, relative, interrogative, etc. It was all new ground for him. He reported to me in an hour to recite the lesson. I thought it was impossible for him to have learned so much in such a short time; but, as I recall it, he made only two mistakes in the two pages!

Life had many interests for the boy even at that age. Though he read much, and over a wide range, he was not a "bookworm." His body as well as his mind was always active. He loved to walk and to ride horseback. He seemed to learn as much from nature as he did from his books.

Animals, especially domestic animals, had a special attraction for him. There was at the school a herd of cows. Quentin had a name of his own selection for each of them. The barnyard had a peculiar fascination for him, especially the pigs. I don't remember whether he had names for each of these or not; but he used to spend much time watching the inmates of the pen. There was one runted shote—the smallest of the litter—to which he took a particular fancy. One day he bargained with the stableman for the purchase of the pig. I think the price agreed upon was seventy-five cents; but those were not war times! Quentin put his prize in a crocus sack, slung it over his shoulder, and started off bareheaded for the Washington trolley, some two miles distant. On the trip to Washington the sack was placed on the seat in front of its owner. No one suspected its contents until one passenger in the crowded car started to sit down on the bag, when a squeak came forth which was heard the length of the car. Versions of the story varied as to the final disposal of the pig. Quentin told me that he sold it at a profit to some man in Washington. The newspapers got hold of the tale, and declared that the sack was carried up to the White House and its contents deposited on the floor in the midst of the assembled family. At all events, Mr. Roosevelt heard of his son's bargain, because the next day Quentin was asked to bring a nicely dressed shote over from the School for a supper to be given the following day at the White House to the Ben Greet Players.

One might have thought that a child who had from his birth been more or less in the public eye and who sometimes did things differently from other boys would have cared for the lime-light. But never did any one shun publicity more than Quentin. The newspapers sometimes published little stories about him; but the boy would never talk to a reporter, and did all he could to keep even his name out of the papers. During his nine months at school he never sat for a photograph, unless possibly in a family group. He would always run if he saw any one approaching with a camera. When the Washington papers heard the pig story related above, a number of reporters appeared at the school, several of them armed with cameras. They would have given anything for a picture of Quentin with a pig! They tried to snap one of him unawares, but he dodged each time behind one of the other boys. Finally, in desperation, he called upon the county magistrate, who ordered the reporters from the grounds.

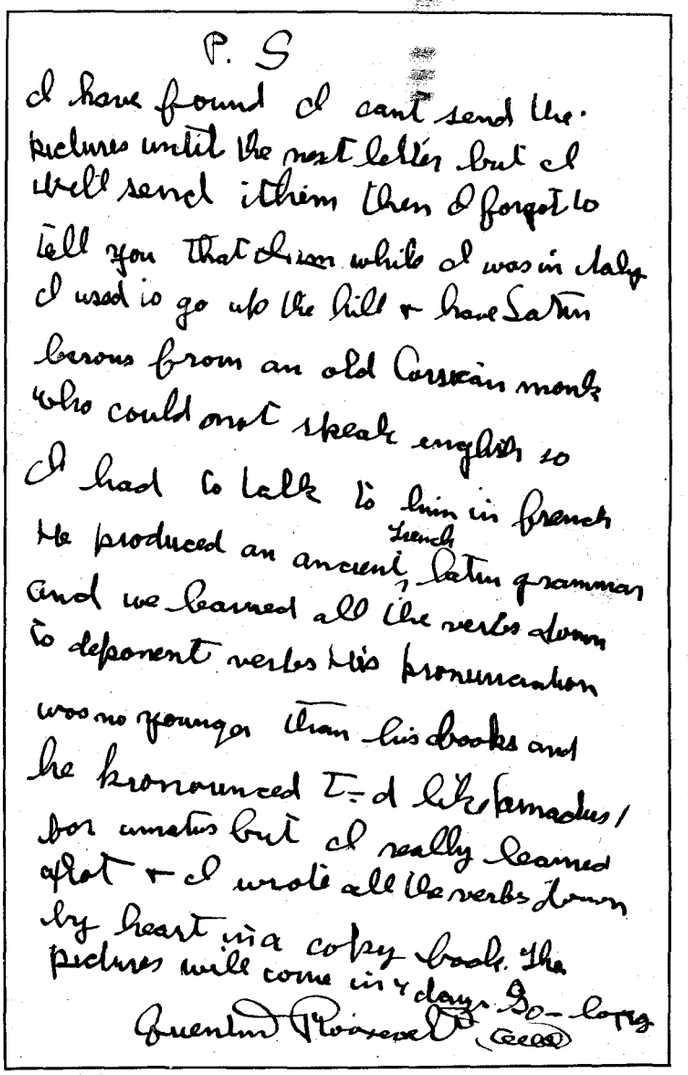
The same spirit which caused his colonel at the aviation field to write of the young lieutenant after his death, "His endeavor was the success of the squadron, rather than to get individual airplanes to his personal credit," was noticeable in the boy of eleven. He was ever mindful of others, and seemed to take especial pleasure in doing little acts of kindness. If he thought I wanted anything from the little country store near the school, he would be off to get it before I would express the wish. He was generous almost to a fault. I would hesitate to admire anything he had for fear he might insist on giving it to me. I still have and treasure a number of more or less valuable articles which he presented to me.

Quentin left the school a few weeks before the Commencement in 1909 in order to accompany his mother, his brother Archie, and Miss Ethel (now Mrs. Derby) to Europe. After some weeks in Italy and France, the party returned to America.

During that summer I received several post-cards from Quentin and one nine-page letter. It is a most remarkable production for a boy of eleven. It shows his wide interests and the development of his mind far better than could any words of mine. Written in a firm, neat, regular hand, well expressed, in the main orthographically correct, it would have done credit to a much older tourist. Save for an absence of periods and capitals, the epistle could hardly have been improved upon. The first two pages are devoted to school references, inquiries as to his special friends there, and such questions as, "What are the new little kids like this year?" "Are many of the fellows I know not back?"

The remainder of the letter gives his experiences and boyish impressions on the trip. Here are some extracts which illustrate the boy's impressionable nature as well as his intelligent appreciation of what he saw on his travels:

> Isn't Notre Dame wonderful? I think anything could be religious in it; and the Louvre, I think it would take at least a year to see it. I love some of the pictures. I think the little Infanta Marguerita, by Velasquez, is the cunningest thing I ever saw, and I think they are all very beautiful. . . .
>
> I think it is very funny that their [the French] way of celebrating a religious feast is to have some traveling circus come in with merry-go-rounds and pop-guns, and stay till the *fête* is over. . . .
>
> There are more shops open on Sunday than Monday here, because Monday is the official play-day, and cannot be lost.


P. S
I have found I cant send the pictures until the next letter but I will send it them then I forgot to tell you that when I was in Italy I used to go up the hill & have Latin lessons from an old Corsican monk who could not speak english so I had to talk to him in French He produced an ancient French Latin grammar and we learned all the verbs down to deponent verbs His pronunciation was no younger than his books and he pronounced I=d like Jamaica for amatus but I really learned a lot & I wrote all the verbs down by heart in a copy book. The pictures will come in 4 days. So-long
Quentin Roosevelt

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S EUROPEAN LETTER WRITTEN IN 1909 WHEN HE WAS ELEVEN YEARS OLD

And of those Cathedral windows, for which German *Kultur* has recently shown no respect, this American boy writes:

> I think that the stained glass they have here is very beautiful. Just think of having twelfth-century glass in a church window to-day! They are very pretty. There are some beautiful fifteenth-century windows at a little place called Montfort Lamourie. Simon de Montfort used to live there, or rather stayed there some time.

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Recalling the days we had spent together with his Latin, Quentin says (see the facsimile on the preceding page):

> While I was in Italy I used to go up the hill and have Latin lessons from an old Corsican monk who could not speak English—so I had to talk to him in French. He produced an ancient French-Latin grammar, and we learned all the verbs down to deponent verbs. His pronunciation was no younger than his books, and he pronounced "t," "d"—like "amadus" for "amatus." But I really learned a lot, and I wrote all the verbs down by heart in a copy book.

When I read last July the news of the young aviator's death, I thought at once of this letter he had written me so long ago from Paris. I had a vague recollection that Quentin had mentioned something about airplanes and a race he had witnessed "somewhere in France." I took down my album of souvenirs, found the letter, and these were the first words to catch my eye:

> We were at Rheims and saw all the aeroplanes flying, and saw Curtis who won the Gordon Bennett cup for swiftest flight. You don't know how pretty it was to see all the aeroplanes sailing at a time. At one time there were four aeroplanes in the air. It was the prettiest thing I ever saw. The prettiest one of the ones was a monoplane called the Antoinette, which looks like a great big bird in the air. It does not wiggle at all, and goes very fast. It is awfully pretty turning.

This aerial race had been witnessed at Rheims. The fatal combat had occurred just east of Fère-en-Tardenois. The lieutenant, then, had fallen within twenty miles of the city where nine years earlier the eleven-year-old enthusiast had marveled at the four aeroplanes in the air at the same time.

Is it possible that Quentin even then longed to have a machine of his own that would carry him "like a great big bird" through the air? Let the reader judge for himself from these closing words of the letter:

> Tell S—— that I am sending him a model of an aeroplane that winds up with a rubber band. They work quite well. I have one which can fly a hundred yards, and goes higher than my head. Much love to all, from QUENTIN.

"BREAD, MEAT, AND BROTHERHOOD"

AN INTERVIEW WITH SIR WILLIAM GOODE, OF GREAT BRITAIN'S FOOD MINISTRY

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

WHILE in London recently I spent an afternoon with Sir William Goode, Liaison Officer of the Ministry of Food with the United States and Canada. That is to say, he is the living link between Herbert Hoover and Mr. Clynes.

He took me to a private showing of a film representing the children of England writing letters of thanks to Mr. Hoover. At the time of Mr. Hoover's visit to London, when he received the children's thanks in person, he would have been given the Freedom of the City of London but for the fact that there exists no precedent for conferring that freedom unless the recipient has taken the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign.

Sir William Goode is of the quiet, forceful, decisive type to which Mr. Hoover himself belongs. He talks without saponaceous exuberance. He is devoid of fuss and feathers and petty official consequence. He has been in America several times, and can talk Chicagoese as well as English. His mind is of the Lewis gun persuasion, his business habit is methodical, and he keeps statistics under his hand as a field marshal reads a map and envisages the detail.

Sir William pointed out that the United Kingdom now calls on America for sixty-five per cent of the farmers' essential food supplies.

The chief items in the list are bacon, ham, cheese, cereals. Beef and pork, condensed milk, and sugar conspicuously figure, the last named, however, coming in large part from Cuba and Java. Canada shares with the United States the duty of supplying barley, maize, oats, wheat. Lard, butter, and oil seeds are very considerable items. Fortunately, the cereal crop of the British Isles this year is highly successful; the stone-fruit crop has been an utter failure, and as much as $1,500 an acre was paid for the right to harvest the scant production of pears and apples.

Two wheat crops of some three million tons each ordered from Australia fell by the wayside, which gave America the burden of supplying the deficiency.

Sir William lays stress on two factors which have had much to do with America's success in feeding Great Britain.

The first is the individual self-denial of Americans, the results of which are now directly seen every day and everywhere in the British Isles in the ample supply of ham, bacon, and sausage made available.

Another—scarcely secondary—is the downright candor and directness of dealing on the part of Mr. Hoover, who has so ably filled his difficult post that our people have learned to trust him and have complied with his wishes, realizing that he seeks nothing for himself and only desires to do what will win the war.

"That Mr. Hoover has made good," declares Sir William, "and that his countrymen and countrywomen have fulfilled his expectations, we in Great Britain, with rations such as no German civilian has seen for over two years, have every reason to know and to appreciate, thanking God as we eat them that President Wilson found the right man to be Food Controller of the World."

An important point to note with regard to the diet of the working population of Great Britain is the significance of cheese. The average workman probably wants it even more than he wants meat. A gallon of milk is needed to make a pound of cheese. Cheese is manufactured in half the counties of England—Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, Lancashire especially. If the makers find that by an improperly regulated scale of prices they are losing fourpence or fivepence a pound, naturally they are not going to continue. They will deal in milk instead. The price adjustment is a matter which the Ministry is bound to consider carefully in the interest of the laboring population. Most of the cheese now coming from America goes not to the civilians but to the army.

Another matter to which strict and constant attention must be paid is unretarded shipment, lest ham and bacon spoil in transit. If the bacon has to be superimpregnated with salt to save it, it becomes not less repugnant to the British palate than it would be to our own. And even boiling will not always destroy the excessive salinity.

By a happy application of the phrase, Lord Rhondda once described Germany as trying to be the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "Rationing is the price of victory," he said, and rationing, in his view, represented "the British citizen cheerfully accepting the discipline that strengthens us for the long stress and strain of war."

The Hon. J. R. Clynes, the new Food Controller, justly observes that "our very daily bread becomes sacramental." That famous song of the "Caller Herrin'" was written to bring home to the bosoms of indifferent millions the peril uncomplainingly incurred each day by those who dare the deep to feed us. Those who go down to the sea in ships to-day are putting their lives in pawn for you and me. Therefore, if we discard the nutritive remnants of the food they bring instead of gathering it into baskets, it is nearly as wrong as if we poured out their life-blood in a ruddy libation to the sacrilegious Hun.

Sir William Goode has put his finger on the central vertebra of Mr. Hoover's work in saying: "The frankness with which he has treated the American public, his utter lack of self-seeking, and his disregard of all political considerations and departmental traditions have brought the whole of the American Nation behind the back of this man who a year ago had taken no part in purely American affairs."

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SOME RECENT SCULPTURE

LIKE painting, sculpture has had an apparently continuous history. One school has seemed to grow out of another, occasionally broken by a surprising figure like Michael Angelo. The death of Rodin, however, the hue and cry about Mr. Barnard's "Lincoln," the exhibitions in New York City of the works of Andrew O'Connor, Paul Manship, and Victor Brenner's bas-relief of Dr. Lyman Abbott, and the special exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, may well have drawn attention, we think, to various tendencies in the history of sculpture.

We are impressed by two main tendencies: the first towards mere line, the second towards emphasizing light.

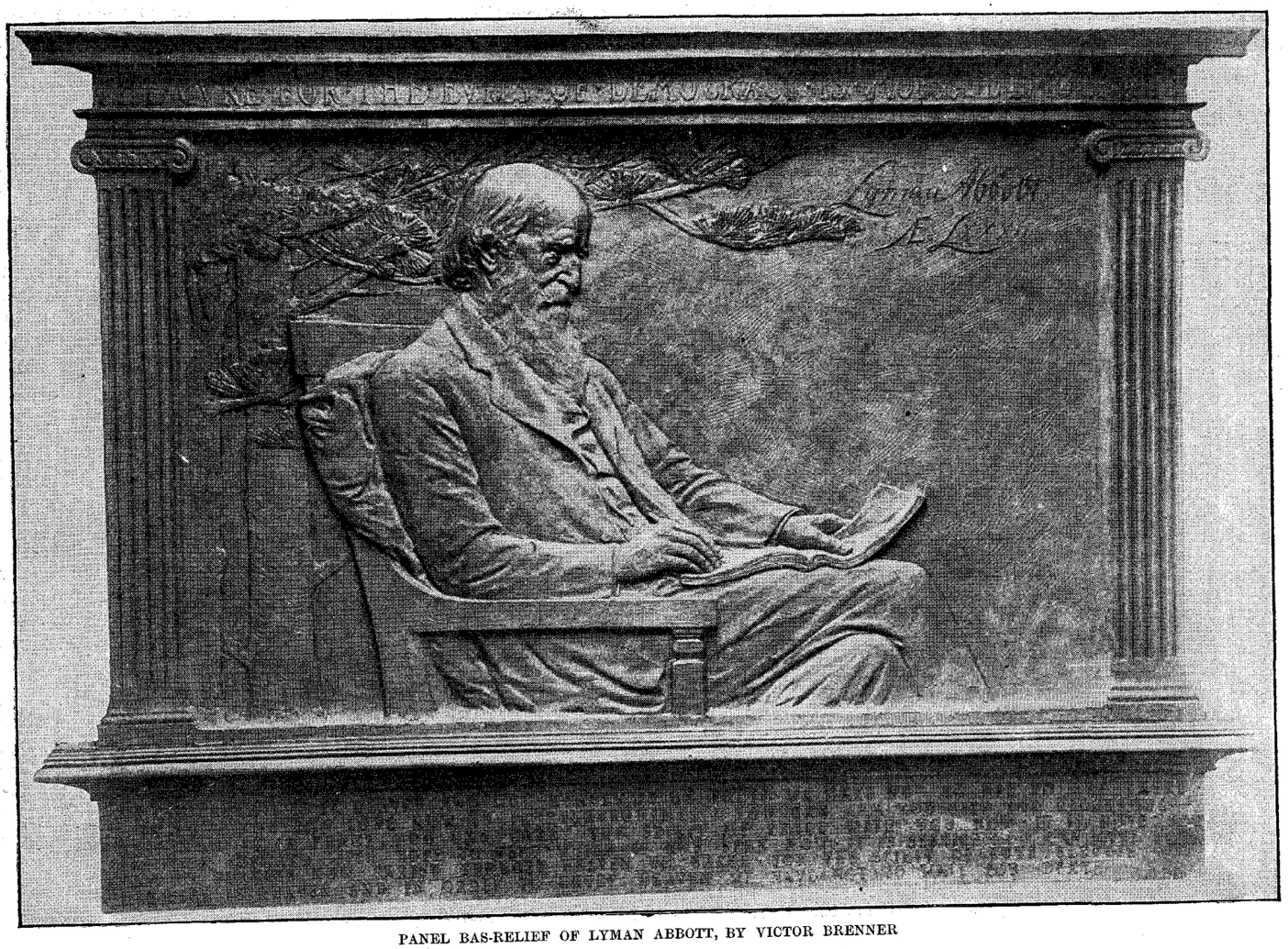
The first tendency must have started with the primitive sculptors; certainly we know it through the early Greeks. Though their technical skill was defective, they sought to copy nature minutely. The tendency has continued with ever less of Greek hardness and ever more of anatomical correctness until we have the fine work of academic French sculptors such as Dubois, Carpeaux, Mercié, and of such eminent Americans as Saint-Gaudens and Daniel French—masters of clear precision of line, even though their work may betray a certain tightness. Their school is emphatically one of delicate appreciation of form, its grace, refinement, and dignity. In its highest estate this school becomes one of accurate, beautiful, and sometimes heroic and monumental outline.

The second tendency, of greater largeness of design and more massiveness of material, sprang, we suppose, from Phidias, if not from some earlier unknown, and has continued in the contemporary work of Rodin in France and Barnard in this country—artists whose works reveal fluency and vitality. Their forms, however, are less precise and are seen as if surrounded by atmosphere.

Let us contrast the two tendencies in past and present sculpture. The forms of Praxiteles seem purer and more dignified to us than do those of Phidias. But as we look closely at them those of Praxiteles are apparently checked in any simulated movement, while those of Phidias seem in continued movement. The same thing is true of the contrast in the work of Dubois and Rodin: the forms of the sculptor first named are detailed but cold; those of the second are less defined but more alive.

Mr. Manship and Mr. O'Connor would seem to belong to both schools of sculpture. But the emphasis of one man differs from that of the other. Though Mr. Manship's figures are buoyant with life, he apparently emphasizes line the more. Mr. O'Connor, on the other hand, while reflecting the instinct of his master, Daniel French, for line and for sheer decorative beauty, shows a Rembrandt-like emotion which hides as well as depicts line—the principle that without pose or apparent design of line sculpture shall appear capable of any gesture which the hidden spirit within might call on it to make. We see this in Mr. O'Connor's "Crucifixion" above the entrance to St. Bartholomew's Church, New York City, in his statue of General Lawton, and also in his statue of Lincoln. The "Lincoln" is to be placed before the Capitol at Springfield, Illinois. In view of the discussion concerning Mr. Barnard's figure of the great Emancipator, the O'Connor statue is doubly noticeable, and our illustration of it (in The Outlook of January 16, 1918) was thus timely—though no piece of sculpture, we believe, can ever be adequately expressed pictorially. This is true of the illustration of the Brenner bas-relief on this page.

In our opinion, both as impressions of types and as studies of character, busts and bas-reliefs sometimes appear to have a certain advantage over full-length statues. As to types we seem to have had proof of this in the O'Connor exhibition, and as to character in the bas-relief below. Busts and bas-reliefs are often a further remove than are full-length statues from the accidental, the momentary, the changing. They give us not the temporary but the permanent. They are not wanting in authority.



PANEL BAS-RELIEF OF LYMAN ABBOTT, BY VICTOR BRENNER

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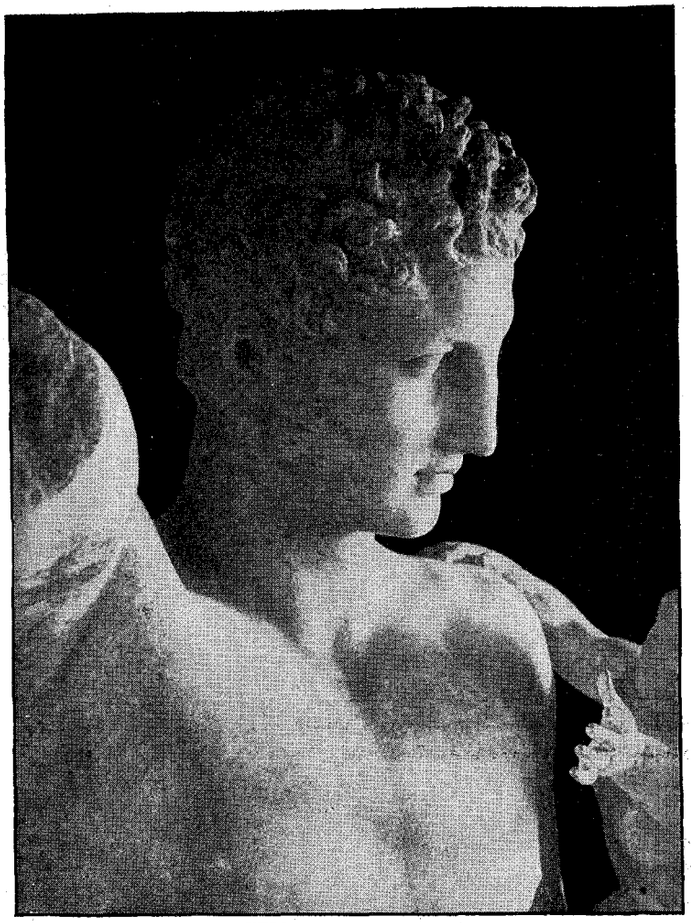
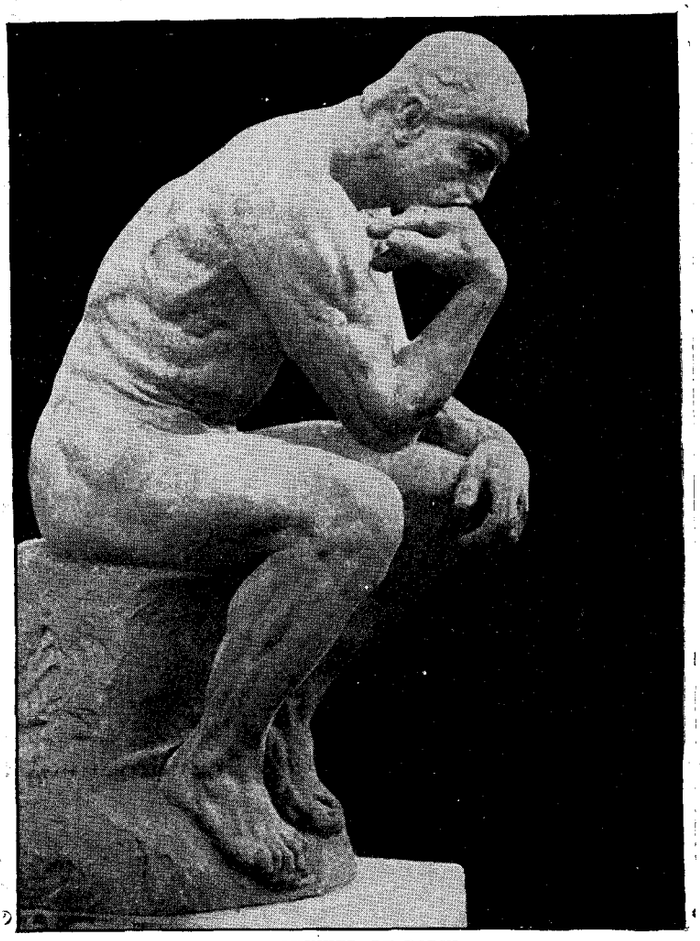
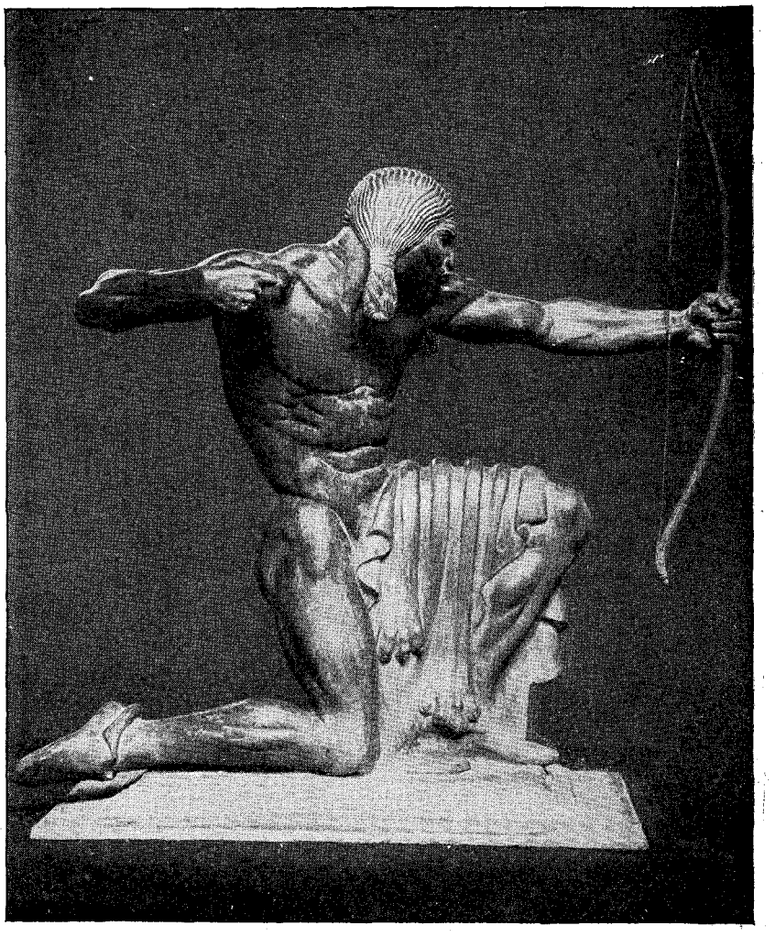


HERMES, BY PRAXITELES
Discovered at Olympia in 1877. One of the greatest works of the Greek school



THE THINKER, BY RODIN
The original is at the entrance of the Panthéon in Paris

JOAN OF ARC, BY PAUL DUBOIS
In front of the Cathedral at Rheims, and reported to be still undamaged



INDIAN HUNTER, BY PAUL MANSHIP
In the garden of Mr. Herbert Pratt at Glen Cove, Long Island

EXAMPLES OF VARIOUS SCHOOLS OF SCULPTURE (See article on preceding page)

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WITH WHOM AND FOR WHAT ARE WE AT WAR?

BY AN EXPERT IN INTERNATIONAL LAW

IN discussing this war we often speak of it as a war between nations, and speak of the German Empire as if it were a nation subject to the rules and entitled to the benefit of international law; but the Kaiser and his associates in the Prussian military autocracy have put themselves outside the pale of international law. Long before the war began the Kaiser declared, "Nothing must henceforth be settled in the world without the intervention of Germany and the German Empire." By international law, however, "nations are equal in respect to each other and entitled to claim equal consideration for their rights."

So far from being satisfied with the natural development of her manufactures, her agriculture, and her commerce, the German leaders maintained the right and the duty to make war for the acquisition of territory and the destruction of rivals. Bernhardi declared, "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again cross our path."

In reference to the conduct of war they were even more audacious. Nietzsche describes the German warriors: "These men are, in reference to what is outside their circle (where the foreign country begins) not much better than beasts of prey. . . . They feel that they can revert to the beast of prey conscience like jubilant monsters who, perhaps, go with bravado from the ghastly bout of murder, arson, rape, and torture." This description has been realized during the present war.

It is true that before the war the Imperial Governments went through the form of sending delegates to international conventions. The most notable of these was at The Hague, in 1907. In one of the conventions adopted at The Hague, and signed by the delegates of Germany and Austria, it was agreed: "Arbitration is recognized by the contracting Powers as the most effective and at the same time the most equitable means of settling disputes which diplomacy has failed to settle." In order to facilitate immediate recourse to arbitration, an arbitral tribunal had been established.

Another convention, signed by the same delegates, regulated the laws of land warfare. Among other things, it was agreed that prisoners of war should not be employed in works that had any connection with the war operations. "All necessary measures should be taken to spare as far as possible buildings devoted to religious worship, arts, science, and charity, historical monuments, and places of assembly of sick and wounded." "The honor and the rights of family, the life of individuals, and private property should be respected." "Private property shall not be confiscated." Contributions in money in occupied territory shall be levied "only for the needs of the army or of the administration of said territory." "Looting is positively forbidden." Hospital ships shall be respected. The bombardment of undefended cities or villages is forbidden. "It is forbidden to lay submarine mines off the coasts and ports of the enemy with the sole object of interrupting commercial navigation."

Long before these conventions were made it was a principle of international law that a merchant vessel should not be captured without giving to the passengers and non-combatants on board an opportunity to depart in safety.

From the beginning of the war every one of these sacred rules has been persistently and brutally violated by the Germans and the Austrians. With the approval of Germany, at the outset Austria refused to arbitrate the matter in difference between herself and Serbia. They have thus placed themselves outside the pale of civilized communities and have become nothing more than organized bands of pirates, entitled to no more consideration than were the buccaneers. These also had a certain rude government. Their principles of action were similar to those of the Germans and Austrians in this war. They were finally suppressed.

It is our business in this war to suppress the buccaneers of the twentieth century. We shall win the war. Overtures for peace will be made, as they have been made, the design of which has been and will be to enable these pirates to retain as much of their booty as possible. Such peace would simply give them an opportunity to repair their losses and renew their attacks upon peaceful nations. What, therefore, we ought to obtain may be summed up in one famous phrase: "Indemnity for the past and security for the future."

To gain these results we ought to impose upon the conquered Imperial Governments of Germany and Austria terms which will execute themselves and will not be dependent on the good faith of those who have shown by their actions that they have no sense of honor, and love a lie more than the truth.

Before considering the terms in detail, let us note the analogy between the situation of the Allies in this war and that of the United States in 1865. Then, as now, we were fighting for fundamental principles. It was impossible for the United States to permit for a moment the dissolution of the Union or the continuance of a government founded on slavery. As Mr. Lincoln said in 1858—and the words are equally true to-day:

> The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between those two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles which have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, "You work, and toil, and earn bread, and I'll eat it."

To establish forever the principles of justice and freedom which are the foundation of the American Constitution we refused again and again to make any terms with the Confederate Government which involved its continuance or the continuance of slavery. We did not count the cost, either in life or in money, and we were deaf to every overture. We repeatedly offered protection to the rights of individuals in the South and compensation for emancipation. But on the two main points, the continuance of the Union and the abolition of slavery, we were inexorable. It is equally important now that we refuse any propositions for peace which will not include the destruction of the Prussian and Austrian autocracy and compensation, as far as possible, for the countless woes it has brought upon the world.

The details are far more complicated than they were at the end of the Civil War, but the principles are the same. Let us consider these details.

Indemnity for the past.

This indemnity should be based on the fact that it is the Prussian military system that is responsible. Indemnity, therefore, should be taken, not in the form of a Government payment, but by a seizure of the property of the guilty. Indemnity from the Government could be raised only by a loan. The taxes which would be levied to pay the interest on this loan would come in part, at least, out of the plain people. These have been deceived by a persistent system of falsehood, and thus have been like sheep led to the slaughter.

It is claimed by some that the great commercial and manufacturing interests of Germany and Austria joined from the first with the military caste, and that the war was the development of their joint greed and ambition. Whether this be so or not, it is at least clear that the commercial and manufacturing interests of Germany and Austria could have prevented the war. Whether or not, therefore, they actually promoted it at the outset is unimportant. They are jointly responsible. Some of their property in the Allied countries has already been seized. Whenever their property can be found in these countries, that should in like manner be seized. Their property in the Central Empires should equally be appropriated at the end of the war. The vast fund which would thus be available should be applied to make good the actual losses which have been inflicted upon the people of Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia, and Rumania. The German Government is responsible for the Turkish atrocities committed against the Christians. For these also reparation should be made.

When this is done, a suitable amount should be appropriated

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towards paying the expenses of the war which has been forced upon the Allies. There would be a remnant which should be applied to the relief of the suffering of the plain people of Germany. There will be at the end of the war innumerable widows, orphans, and wounded men in the Central Empires who cannot justly be blamed for the crimes that have been committed. It is very important that some provision should be made for them, so that in the countries now under the sway of the two Kaisers there should be hereafter an opportunity for the plain people to develop a new and better national life. In this way it will appear to the people of these countries that our object is justice and not vengeance.

A very important part of this system of compensation is the taking over of all the German and Austrian ships that have been seized during the war. This will constitute a partial and appropriate indemnity for the ships that have been piratically sunk.

Another and very important part of indemnity for the past is the punishment of the great criminals. Here again we have an American precedent. There was a German named Wirz who held a commission under the Confederate Government and was put in charge of the prison at Andersonville. In violation of the laws of war he caused to be killed many of these prisoners. When the war was over, he was arrested and tried before a competent court for murder. The specification was that he had put to death, in violation of the laws of war, certain men who were prisoners in his custody. He was found guilty, condemned to death, and executed. We thus established the principle that killing men, even during war and under cover of a commission, is murder, if in doing it the perpetrator willfully violates the laws of war.

It should be our business, when the two Kaisers are subdued, to make inquiry for the men who are responsible for the shameful violations of the laws of war, far more cruel than Wirz committed, and bring them to trial before a court martial. Let them have the benefit of counsel, as Wirz had, but let us equally apply to them the words of the prophet: "He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy."

One of the most conspicuous of these men is the commander of the submarine who sank the Lusitania. In his case the crime is especially clear, for after he had disabled the ship by his first torpedo he fired another, the only object of which could have been to hasten her sinking and destroy the lives of those on board. This was as much murder as though he had taken a rifle, picked out one of the women on deck, aimed directly at her, and killed her. There are those above him who have approved his action and rewarded him for it. They can be ascertained, and no rank should save them from a like condemnation.

It is only by such an exercise of justice that we can hope to prevent the commission of similar crimes in the future. We hope, indeed, to establish a commonwealth of nations which shall in the future make war impossible. Whether this will succeed or not, we cannot tell. But if there ever should be another war the men who go into it should now be made distinctly to understand that they do so at their peril, and that the leaders who involve thousands and perhaps millions of innocent victims in bloody strife cannot expect immunity when the strife is over.

Besides the punishment thus to be inflicted on the persons of these murderers, there are robberies for which restitution must be enforced. Nothing in modern warfare compares with the pillage of these Huns. There must, after the war, be a search for all the stolen property, and, as far as possible, it should be returned to the rightful owners.

Indemnity for the future.

The first thing will be to draw the teeth of the monsters with whom we are fighting. All the munitions of war of every kind which then shall be in the possession of the two Kaisers and their Governments must be taken away. Their manufactories of such munitions must be broken up. If there is any machinery in them which can be of use to the Allies, it should be turned in as part of the indemnity. Everything else should be destroyed. If, for example, the Krupp factories at Essen can be used for peaceful purposes, care should be taken that they are put to this use only. Otherwise they should be razed to the ground. It is far better that Bertha Krupp should labor for an honest living and give up making guns to kill Christians gathered in church on Good Friday!

Complaint would doubtless be made that this would leave the two allied Empires defenseless. In executing this decree they should, however, be permitted to provide for an adequate police force. In the League of Nations which should be formed as part of the readjustment of the world that this war compels there will be provision for the protection of individual nations against wanton aggression.

Another important element in this reconstruction is a declaration by the Allied Powers that the two Kaisers, having deliberately organized a military system for the subjugation of the world, and having persistently violated the laws of nations in carrying out their plans, have forfeited all right to sovereignty, and that their thrones have become vacant. This would be a similar principle to the action of the English Parliament which in 1689 declared that King James II had "abdicated the Government, and that the throne is thereby become vacant."

It may be claimed that this action of the Allies would be in violation of the right to self-government that America is maintaining, but it is so only in appearance. Every right is inseparably connected with a corresponding duty. The principle of the old maxim, "Protection and allegiance are inseparable," is of universal application. The moment the two Kaisers and their Governments joined with the governments of other nations in international conventions they thereby declared themselves to be part of an international system. They admitted that each nation owed certain duties to the rest. For example, in one of the conventions adopted at The Hague in 1907 the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria, as well as the rulers of other Powers, declared that they were—

> Animated by the sincere desire to work for the maintenance of general peace.
>
> Resolved to promote by all the efforts in their power the settlement of international disputes.
>
> *Recognizing the solidarity uniting the members of the society of civilized nations.*

In the face of this convention, how can the two Kaisers contend that they and their Governments have not become a part of an international society? If, then, they commit crimes against that society on the scale of this present war, they cease to be rulers recognizing obedience to the law of God and to international law, and become pirates. This is manifestly an abdication of the throne, and should be treated as such by all the nations.

Taking this position does not give to the Allied Powers the right to impose new sovereigns upon Germany or upon the kingdoms composing the Empire of Austria-Hungary. It is for the people of these countries, in constituent assembly, to choose their new rulers; but for all international purposes the Imperial houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg must cease to exist. They have too long tyrannized over their own people and destroyed the peace of the world.

Under newly chosen rulers and forms of government based upon the fundamental principle of freedom, guarded by and subject to law, we may hope that these countries will become loyal and peaceful and prosperous members of the great family of nations. If they do, they will half a century hence look with as much satisfaction upon their emancipation as the South does upon the abolition of slavery and the restoration of the Union.

There is one important element in this constructive programme which remains to be mentioned. For that we have a precedent in the reconstruction of the American Union after the Civil War. It is provided by the fourth section of the Fourteenth Amendment that "Neither the United States nor any State shall pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations, and claims shall be held illegal and void."

In like manner, it should be provided at the end of the present war that no debt incurred either by the Empire of Germany or that of Austria-Hungary in aid of the present war shall be paid, but it shall be held illegal and void. The continuance of this debt would be an impossible burden for the people of these Central Empires if the indemnity before mentioned is provided.

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It is better to cancel it at once. It would be right to make some provision for small holders, who would be impoverished by the loss of all their savings. But the debt was contracted for purposes of aggression and crime, and is therefore illegal and void.

These propositions will seem radical. But the fundamental principle upon which they are based is the sole justification for the entrance of America into the war, namely, that the war is a war of aggression begun by the Central Empires as part of a plan to subjugate the world, and that in the course of the war they have committed every possible crime. When this is remembered, it will appear that these terms are just and that the enforcement of them is the only possible security against another war. In reality, they are far more merciful and less likely to promote continued rancor than would the boycott proposed by many.

The author of this article was one of the first to urge upon the Government and people of the United States, immediately after the sinking of the Lusitania, that America should intervene in defense of her own rights and the rights of all nations; that convoy should be provided for merchant shipping; and that the German ships and terminals which were within our jurisdiction should be seized. Our Government, with the unanimous approval of our people, has finally done all this. It has declared war in a righteous cause; our people are incurring countless sacrifices in the prosecution of that war, and we must never rest until the objects for which we began it are accomplished.

These were summed up by the President in his reply to the communication of his Holiness Benedict XIV, "Peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments—the rights of peoples, great or small, weak or powerful—their right to freedom and security and government."

One advantage of dealing with our treacherous foe in the manner proposed is this: Our victorious armies will ere long be in Germany. The indignation that has been roused in the soldier's breast by the crimes committed would naturally lead to retaliation. If the Allies should announce their fixed purpose to punish the real criminals and spare the civilian population who have not shared in the crimes, the latter would be more mercifully treated.

Another advantage would be this: The German leaders have stimulated the population at home to renewed sacrifice by assuring them that if the Allies conquer and get a footing in Germany the people there would suffer as the French and Belgians have suffered. This appeal has been effective. If we make it known that the contrary will be the case and that our aim will not be the desolation of the country, but the punishment of the real criminals—in a word, "retributive justice"—the German leaders will find their people indifferent or even opposed to the continuance of the war.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS—AND OTHERS

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

TRAMPING the rounds of one of the great cantonment training centers a short time since, I came upon a squad of soldier road-builders leveling the grade for a macadam surfacing of one of the camp streets. A little apart from the squad, and contemptuously ignored by the others, stood a man who looked as if he might be posing for the camera. He was in citizen clothes, and his hair and beard were long and unkempt. His face, with the small, closely set eyes of one with the narrowest possible outlook upon life, was rigidly immovable in every line, yet it shone with a sort of fierce raptness—the self-hypnotized ecstasy of the martyr or the fanatic. His hands were grasping a pick, half lifted and held motionless, as if the holder had been stricken with catalepsy at the instant when the implement was swinging upward for the stroke.

"One of them 'conscientious objectors,'" rasped the husky young corporal bossing the squad—this in answer to my question. "That blame' fool's been standin' that way for two solid hours, and I'll bet he's tired enough to keel over in his tracks. But he won't work."

I became interested at once. The phrase "conscientious objector" has been in everybody's mouth and in the news columns now and then ever since war was declared; but in all my camp wanderings this was the first time I had ever seen a specimen at short range. Later in the same day I came across more of them. As the attitude of the other members of the road-grading squad had indicated, these men who would neither fight nor work were pariahs in the camp, shunned as moral lepers might be. The real soldiers in training would have nothing to do with them; would neither bunk nor mess with them. The small group that I saw was bunking in a tent apart and cooking the provisions issued by the mess sergeant over a tiny open fire, alone, disregarded, despised. To all inquiries from a curious stranger they were dumb; but there remained another and better source of information. The records of a certain school of investigation maintained now in all of the great training camps gave, in terse military phrase, the story of each "objector." And these records I was permitted to read.

Broadly divided, the "objectors" fall into two distinct classes: those who are conscientiously sincere, and those who are just plain malingerers trying to hide behind a hastily thrown up barrier of what they offer as their religious—or other—convictions. Of these two classes the first named is by far the most numerous. Within the Nation's borders, and each having a more or less tangible organization, there are some ten or more religious denominations or sects whose tenets forbid participation in warfare on the part of their members. The strictness of the prohibition varies widely in the different bodies. In the largest and most influential of them, the Friends or Quakers, the lines are liberally drawn. Friends may, and do, offer their services freely in many kinds of war work—in almost any capacity save the actual bearing of arms; and it is a matter of honorable record that they refuse neither the most menial of camp tasks nor the most dangerous of those in the field. They cheerfully enter the Medical Corps as individuals and balk at nothing so long as the job is one of life-saving and not of life-taking. A few of those with whom I talked were even willing to admit that there may be such a thing as a justifiable war righteous in its aims, and, while they did not hold themselves free to take human life, they were eager to do what their consciences would allow.

Much lower in the war service scale come the various sects of the Mennonites. These people, of whom there are probably less than a total of 100,000, all told, in the United States, are of far-away German descent, our first increment coming to this country from Germany and Holland early in our history and settling in Pennsylvania. Later migrations have come from the German colonies in Russia, settling in the West. They are a simple folk, farmers for the most part, and, while there are small congregations dotted here and there throughout the West and Middle West, most of their representatives among the drafted men come from Minnesota and the Dakotas. Their tenets are few but rigid. They eschew the use of the razor, the hair-cutting scissors, and of *buttons*. They accept no authority outside of the literally interpreted Bible, and lay great stress upon such Scriptural passages as inculcate the sacredness of human life. Their prejudices have been respected by many war-making nations. Even Napoleon exempted the Mennonites of the Vosges from military service, though he did employ them in his army hospitals.

There are all shades of "objectors" among the Mennonites. Some will consent to wear the uniform and will accept hospital service. Others will work in the Sanitary Corps or in the litter-bearer or ambulance units, but will not wear the uniform because they say it identifies them with the fighting men. Still

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others draw a fine line between helping the slightly wounded and the desperately wounded; it is against their conscience to help to refit a man for the fighting line. Still farther down the scale are those who resolutely refuse to take part in war activities of any sort or form, holding that even the man who helps to make the roads in a cantonment is aiding and abetting the thing which his conscience declares to be sinful. In this subdivision was the long-haired pick-holder with the cataleptic pose, set lips, and unseeing eyes.

So that these protesters be utterly sincere, the Government deals leniently with them. And here let me say that the sincerity—or the lack of it—is brought out very clearly and conclusively in the school of investigation above mentioned. Generally speaking, the man is recommended for such service as he can conscientiously accept. Failing to find any task in actual war activities that will fit in with his convictions, the authorities will assign him to agricultural work, turn him over as an enlisted man to some farmer, with the generous proviso that he is to be given the going rate of wages paid in the district to which he is sent—all this upon unquestionable evidence of absolute sincerity. It is a curious commentary on the quirks of human nature—or fanaticism—that a few of the most rigid of these religionists will even refuse the farm work, claiming that to do it at the command of the military authorities is, in fact, only an indirect method of helping the Government to make war.

Scattered here and there among the religionist objectors who are entirely sincere will be found a few hypocritical "slackers"—men who are deliberately using an assumed religious conviction as a means of escape from military service. Usually they are easily exposed. On my visiting day one man came before the examiners with the plea that he was an Amish Mennonite, and therefore could not be a soldier in any sort. The examining officer, a graduate of one of our best-known theological schools and a college professor, quickly ran him ashore.

"How long have you been a member of the Mennonite Church?" was the first question.

"Oh, ever sence I was a little feller. M' folks is all Mennonites."

"Yes; but when were you converted and baptized?"

This was a test question, though the man did not seem to realize it, answering, glibly enough, "When I was a little feller—s' long ago that I don't jest ricollect."

The answer was fatal. The sect to which the man claimed to belong admits to membership only those who are old enough intelligently to declare their belief and to accept baptism as a voluntary act. But the examiner gave him another chance.

"You say that you believe the Bible and accept it as your religious guide; how often do you read it?"

"Oh, ever' day—yes, sir; ever' single day o' the world!"

"Do you read any other books?"

The objector shook his head. "Nothin' but the Bible."

"Very well. Name for me the first four books of the New Testament."

The man under fire stroked his beard, which was not long enough to make him a Mennonite of very long standing, frowned, looked out of the window, and finally admitted that he didn't know.

"Yet you say you read the Bible every day. Can you name any one book in it?"

Again there was a frowning silence, followed by an admission of inability to do even that much.

The officer glanced at me and smiled.

"Perhaps the names are too hard for you to pronounce," he said to the pleader for a discharge. "We'll try something else. Quote me one single passage from this Bible which you say you read every day."

Failure again, and the man was dismissed abruptly. Later I was permitted to read the concluding words of the examining officer's report on this fellow with the extremely poor memory. "Insincere. Recommended for active service."

"I knew he was a slacker at the first glimpse of him," the officer told me. "You can judge pretty well. He claimed to be an 'Amish.' But it was plainly evident that his hair and beard had been allowed to grow only a few months, at the farthest. And your real Mennonite can quote the Bible by the mile."

Once in a while the Army gets hold of a "pacifist" objector, recalcitrant upon ethical rather than religious grounds, and here again there are several shades. The pacifist who is a reasonably good citizen and is not a Socialist of the extreme type is usually willing to accept service limited to some purely non-combatant field. One of these, a man of fair education and some argumentative ability, defended his position upon *ex cathedra* Christian grounds. Though he did not claim to be a member of any Christian body, he asserted his belief in certain ethical standards drawn from the Bible, which he quoted, by the way, quite intelligently and copiously. Christian ethics, by the principles of which the Christianized nations at least profess to be governed, teach the doctrine of non-resistance, he asserted, quoting liberally from the New Testament to support the view. Upon these principles he was content to take his stand. He could not consent to take human life or to abet any one else in so doing.

A few well-directed questions put by the examining officer quickly developed the fact that this man was merely a physical coward—a fact which, in the end, he frankly admitted. Also he was entirely without shame, since nothing that the examiner could say would serve to arouse any true spirit of manhood in him.

"Pretty poor material for any sort of place in this man's army?" I ventured, after the objector had been dismissed.

"We'll fix him so that he'll be glad to get a chance to fight," was the smiling rejoinder. And a few days afterward I saw this man going about the camp with a gunny-sack slung about his neck and in his hand a broomstick with a sharpened nail stuck in the end of it in which he was spearing and collecting stray bits of paper, cigar and cigarette stubs, and other unconsidered trifles of camp litter; "K. P." they call it, meaning thereby "kitchen police." But the phrase, or rather the epithet, has been broadened to include any especially menial work about the camp, such duty being often imposed as a mild form of punishment.

Quite apart from the conscientious objectors, religious or pseudo-religious, are the rebels against the existing social order. Here, again, no two are alike. There are many Socialists in the National Army who are entirely willing to do their citizen duty; able to understand that American democracy, however far short of Socialistic ideals they may conceive it to fall, must not be permitted to pass under the domination of a swollen class autocracy from which a goodly number of them, of foreign birth, once fled.

I talked with one of these, by nativity a Russian Jew of Odessa. He was enthusiastically full of fight, and knew very well what he was going to fight for.

"I go," he nodded. "I'm Socialist—sure; but in dis America ve been free; not like in Russia; not like in Chermany. Chermany makes of Russia slaves—of all countries slaves. I know; vonce I been dere. If Chermany vin, we go backvorts. I fight!"

Of another kidney was a smooth-faced, well-fed "pacifist" with hard eyes, a square jaw, and a permanent sneer on his thick lips—a man who was brought to the examiner's office under guard.

"There's nothing to it," was his insolent reply to the first question addressed to him. "The workingman who lets himself be bullied into this thing is a fool. You can't put anything over on me."

The officer made casual mention of a court martial which might possibly lead to a penal sentence, and this cleared the air a bit.

"Yes, I was born in this country, but I don't call myself a citizen," the man qualified after that word about the court. "I am a citizen of the world," with an expansive gesture. "This is a rich man's war, and I refuse to fight in it. Why should I go over to the old countries and kill the people of my own class? There's nothing doing."

Crisply it was explained to him that he had no personal choice in the matter. As a native-born American, certain obligations fell upon him which he was bound to fulfill or suffer the penalties. If he had conscientious objections to bearing arms, he was privileged to state them. Otherwise—

His arm-sweep was a complete pantomime of contempt.

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Conscience, as other folk define the word, meant nothing to him. That wasn't why he objected to fighting. He'd fight fast enough for a cause of his own choosing. Men were sheep—just sheep to be driven; the Socialists of Germany and France and England were sheep. It was precisely as Marx had said, and he quoted lengthily from the writings of the great Socialistic doctrinaire—quoted correctly, too.

I did not see the report which was made on this man, but I could guess well enough about what it would be. Recalcitrant in every drop of his blood, refusing to serve, refusing to work, refusing even to don the uniform, a Leavenworth sentence was probably staring him in the face. A good riddance, one would say, for an army made up practically in its entirety of men who are calmly ready to fight and to die, if need be, for a national ideal.

One other, and still more curious, "objector" case came up in this same cantonment. The man in this instance was a Russian who had learned to speak English before he had left his native land. He was not naturalized and had never sought citizenship in America. Questioned as to why he refused to fight, he answered quite baldly that America's quarrels were none of his. To quote him specifically:

"I don't owe this country a single thing. I came here to work, and the promises that were made to me before I left the old country turned out to be all lies—dirty lies. All I've wanted since was a chance to get back to Russia. I couldn't get back, and that's why you've got me here."

Asked if he were a Socialist, he shook his head. "Bolshevik," he corrected, tersely.

"You say you read English; if so, you must know what Germany has done to your people in the matter of the Brest-Litovsk treaty."

"Sure I know! If I could be in Russia, I would fight them."

"But why not fight them in the American Army?"

"Because I don't choose to. I am not an American, and I don't owe this country anything. I fight with my own people and for my own people. No, I am not afraid. You have me and you can do with me what you please—take me out and shoot me, if you like. But I fight not for America."

I forbore to ask what would be done with this man, but there is room for the surmise that the military authorities found his case something of a puzzle. As an alien, and a citizen—or subject—of a nation that was once an ally of our allies and which may be again, he could hardly be made the subject of a court martial. On the other hand, he could scarcely be interned as an enemy alien. But, apart from these alternatives, he was a dangerous man to be turned loose at a time when we are trying and sentencing our own Bolsheviki.

One exceedingly reassuring conviction the investigator of these curious cases of perverted view-points must bring away with him from any first-hand study of the recalcitrants of all classes. It is the assurance that the great heart of America as it is expressed in our new Army beats strong and true on the side of loyalty and devotion to the democratic ideals. The "objectors" in any sort are so few as to be wholly negligible. In the cantonment in question there were at the time of my visit between sixty and seventy thousand men. An infinitesimal fraction of one per cent would number the unwilling ones, counting those who had—or thought they had—sound religious grounds for their objections, who were sincere in their protestations. They were so rare that they were objects of curiosity.

If America as a whole shall prove to be as nearly one hundred per cent patriotic as an analysis of this one camp city would seem to indicate—and one would have to be a confirmed pessimist to doubt it—we can well afford to disregard the German-propaganda-made bugbear of an unwilling citizenry.

HOME TO ENGLAND

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

This is the concluding article dealing with our correspondent's long journey from China to England by way of South Africa. Following articles from England will tell of the American naval activities on the other side, and these, in turn, will be followed by special correspondence from France.—THE EDITORS.

REGRETFULLY on a clear, cool winter morning in mid-June the Shidzuoka Maru cast off the lines that bound her to healthy, comfortable, and picturesque Cape Town and picked her way out of Table Bay among anchored American sailing vessels—a pleasant sight with their tall, graceful spars shining against the background of blue bay or blue mountain. Those ships were the first large deep-sea wind-jammers we had sighted between Singapore and the Cape. The sight of them would have made any American proud of his country, the more so if he could have heard our English passengers speaking of them admiringly and saying that they had nothing like them in England. The Shidzuoka passed close between two of them—a slim, lofty, five-masted schooner, the Wyoming, of New York, and a handsome four-masted barkentine, the Willis A. Holden, of Pensacola, Florida.

"Funny names you have in America," said a colonial chap; "but dashed if they aren't rather pretty, especially those Indian ones, or Spanish, or whatever they are. Pretty nearly everything that comes to South Africa from the United States comes in those sailing ships nowadays," he added, "and most of what we used to get from England we're getting from the U. S. A. now."

Cape Town seems more English than Johannesburg, more comfortable and with less hustle. As a place to settle in it seems preferable to the city on the *veldt*. Not only our tired ship and crew were sorry to leave, but all our passengers as well, including several new ones who were going home from South Africa to join up. I had noticed most of them the night before in my hotel kissing two Brunhildic barmaids good-by.

"Do you kiss them all?" I asked the younger and prettier of the barmaids.

"Of course we do, when they're going home to join up," she answered. "But it always makes me want to cry. We've seen so many of them go, and so few come back." And she sighed as she turned to the line of candidates for her farewell salute which had "formed at the right."

Thus we all hung on the rail wistfully as Table Mountain changed from blue to brown in the increasing distance. It was nearly sunset, though, before we put that magnificent bold headland below the horizon and felt that we had really left behind South Africa, "the happiest place in the world," as a fellow-passenger said, "because it is full of great, strong, healthy men and women who ride wonderfully and don't think."

But the spirit of that land followed us in the shape of the majestic albatrosses that rode and mounted and dipped and wheeled on the wind behind us until we reached a climate too enervating for those great clean birds of the cool Cape seas. Their bodies were long and slim, like racing boats, and their wings were long, slender, and curved like scythes, and flashed when the birds tilted till the tip of one wing cut through the water while the other beckoned to the sun.

There was cool, calm weather for several days out from the Cape. The sun was at its northern declination, and the days were very short. At Cape Town the sun did not rise until nearly eight, and it set before five. The sunrises and sunsets were masterpieces in dull gold. The water was a lighter, less vivid green than in the tropics. On the third or fourth day out we saw the coast of what was once called German Southwest Africa. We would never have sighted it had we taken the course followed in ordinary days.

Signs of these abnormal times appeared each day on the menu.

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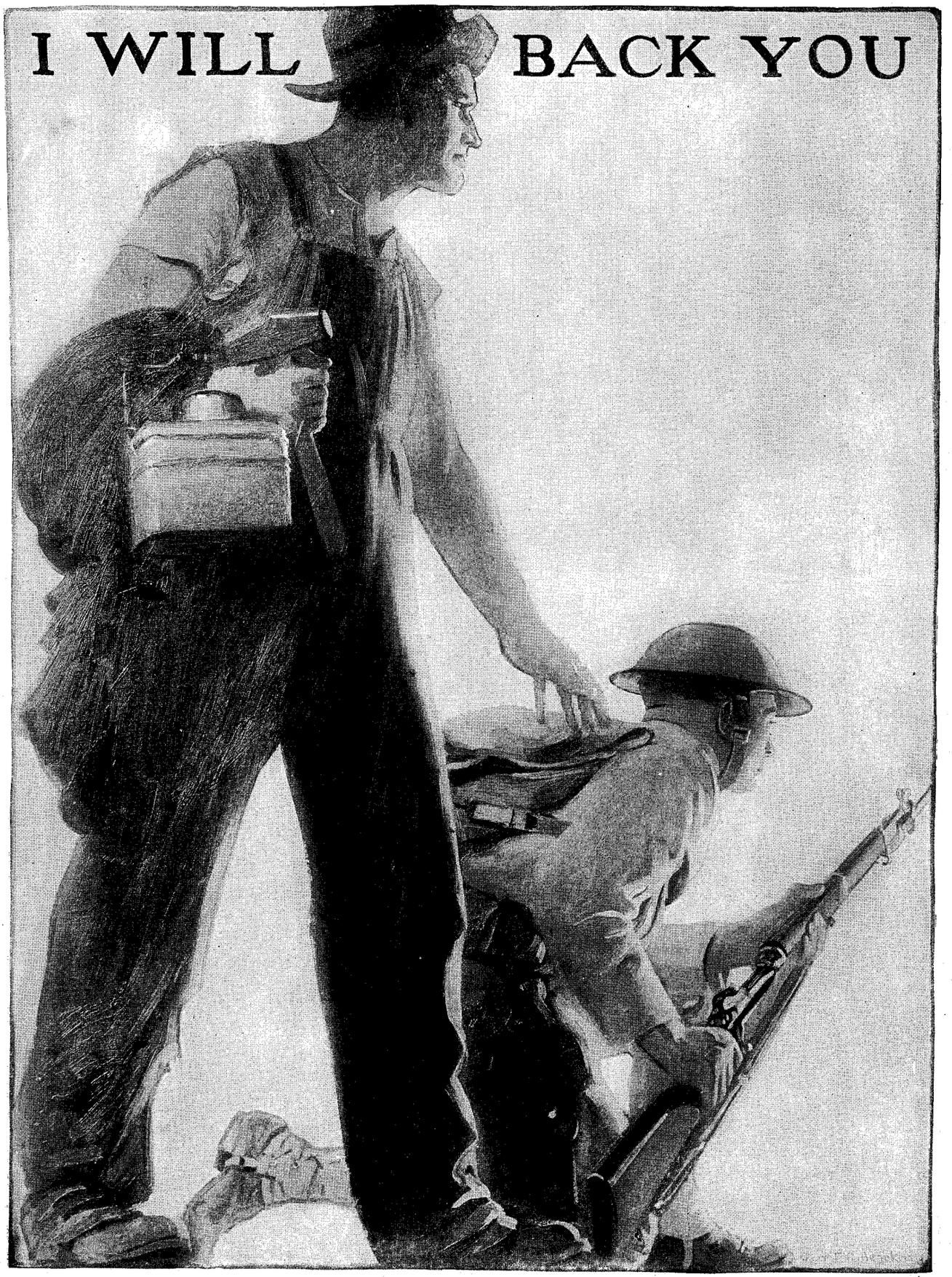

A POSTER USED TO SPEED UP PATRIOTISM AMONG WORKERS ON A GREAT GOVERNMENT BUILDING

This striking poster was used to encourage the 3,500 laborers on the new Army and Navy Office Building at Washington, the largest building of its kind in the country. It was designed by Mr. Gerrit A. Beneker, an artist employed by the Government under the title of "Expert Aid, Navy Department." Copies of it were given to the men as well as posted up. See the account under the head "Work and Fight"

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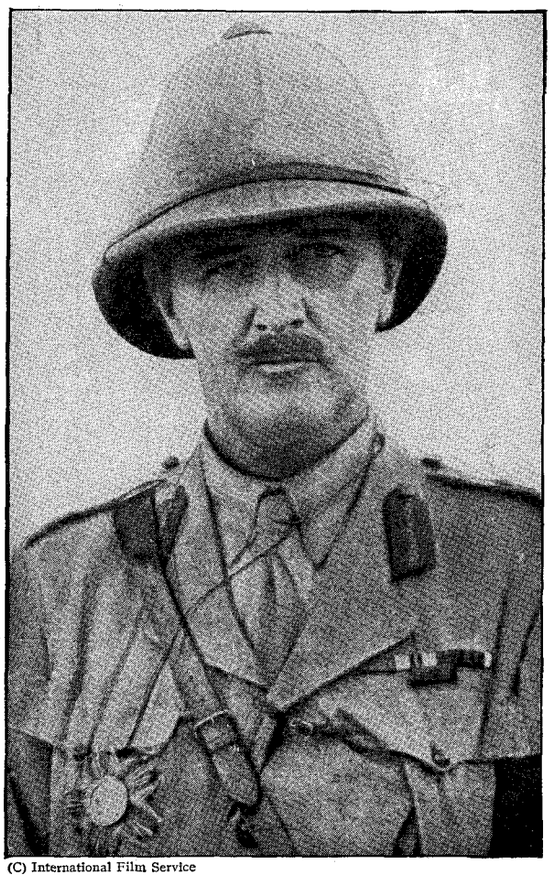
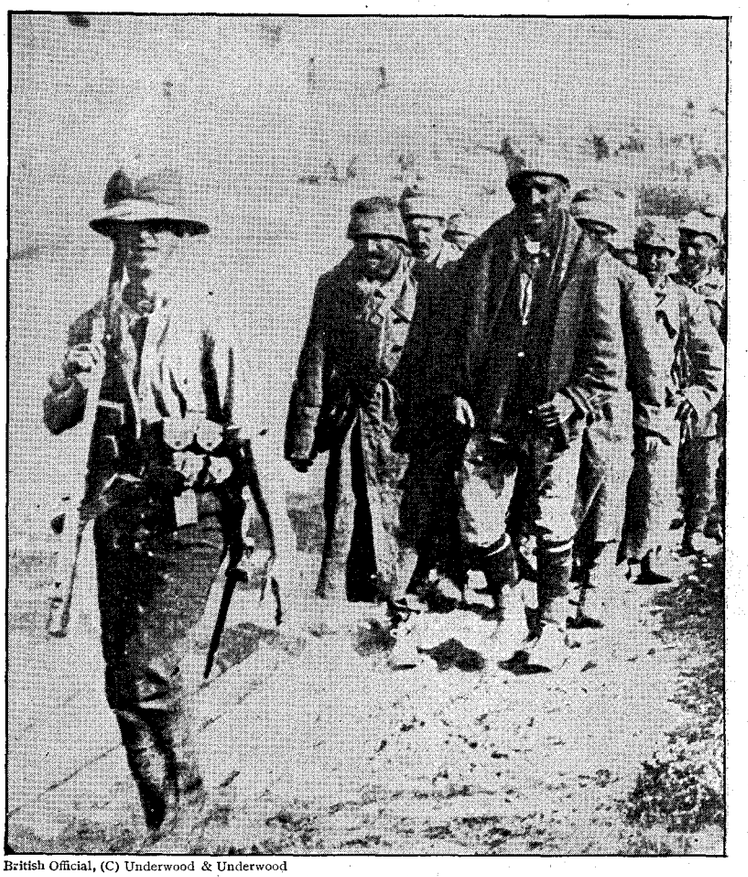


(C) International Film Service

GENERAL ALLENBY, THE CONQUEROR OF THE TURKS

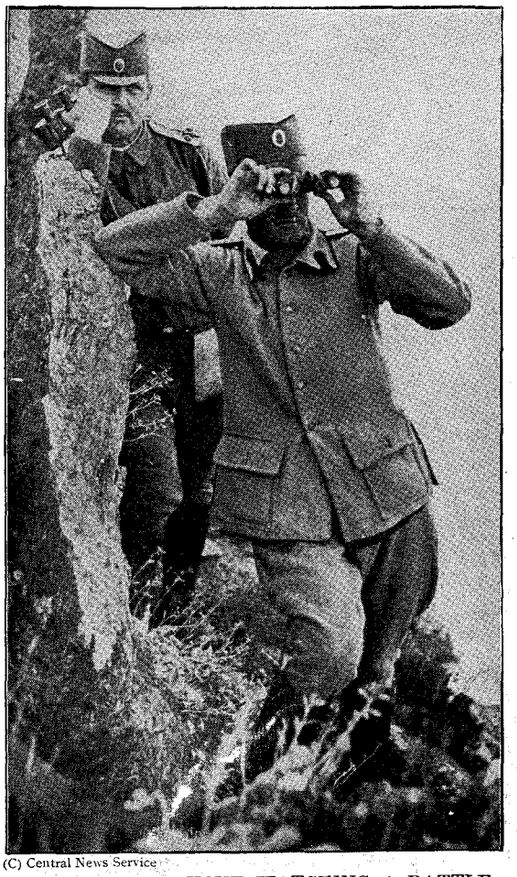
General Allenby's success in routing the Turkish armies and capturing great numbers of prisoners has been a notable event of the war



British Official, (C) Underwood & Underwood

TURKISH PRISONERS CAPTURED BY BRITISH

Nearly fifty thousand Turks are reported to have been captured in the recent great drive in Palestine. Representative types are shown above



(C) Central News Service

A SERBIAN LOOKOUT WATCHING A BATTLE

The observation post from which this Serbian soldier is watching is situated far above the plain, in the mountainous region in which the present campaign is being fought

(C) International Film Service

CAPTAIN DE GERY, OF THE LEGION

(C) International Film Service

A MEMBER OF THE LEGION

VETERANS OF THE FAMOUS FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION

A detachment of the Legion has come to America, under the auspices of the French High Commission, to help in the Fourth Liberty Loan drive. They will be seen in many parts of the country

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Press Illustrating Service

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Archbishop Ireland was one of the best-known and best-loved prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in America. See editorial estimate of his character and influence

(C) Western Newspaper Union

FRENCH GIRLS WHO WILL ENTER AMERICAN COLLEGES

Fifty young French women, winners of scholarships offered by American colleges, have arrived here. After graduating they expect to return to France to introduce American methods into French schools

Paul Thompson

THE DEMONSTRATION GARDEN OF THE NATIONAL WAR GARDEN COMMISSION AT CAMP DIX

General Hugh L. Scott and Mr. Charles L. Pack, President of the War Gardens Commission, are seen in the picture examining some of the corn grown by the soldiers

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First it was the *hors d'œuvres* which were omitted at dinner, then the nuts and raisins, then an extra meat course. Next lunch was cut down, and then even breakfast. The Shidzuoka had taken on at Cape Town all the food she would get until she returned to South Africa on her homeward voyage, with the exception of fish and fruit, which she was to get at her next stop, a port on the west coast of Africa.

It was an uneventful voyage from Cape Town to that port—a voyage of twelve days. We sighted a Japanese cruiser just outside of Cape Town, and then no other ship. After the first three days our wireless stopped sputtering, and we were alone with the friendly silence of the sun and sea and sky. The generous west wind unceasingly stroked our faces, and the days were not uncomfortably hot even on the equator. This was a contrast to the heat we had had in the same latitudes on the other side of Africa. This difference commonly exists, say seamen. Perhaps there is something kinder and honester about the Atlantic, or it may have been only the imagination of the homesick.

In order to catch a convoy of ships which was forming at the West African port for England, the Shidzuoka Maru began to stretch her legs, and her daily runs bewildered the passengers, who had organized a pool on the basis of previous averages.

Day after day clouds marched past us in an unceasing stream and in weird shapes like a barbarous army *en route*—wagons, lancers, elephants, camels. At evening the red-hot sun rolled over the horizon to the coast of South America, and each morning it rose just as hot over by the coast of Africa. There were names that were either memories or melodies or both. Angra Pequeña, where, in the smiting sun six years before Columbus saw the Bahamas, Bartholomew Diaz planted a marble cross to the glory of his God and Portugal. Then a mingle-mangle of Spanish, French, Portuguese, English, and African names—names that sing, names that ring, and names that roar like war drums. Mossamedes, Novo Redondo, Loanda, Boma, and Banana, sluiced by the silt of the Congo; Cabango, Kasongo, Bango, Kong. The Bight of Biafra, washing Spanish Guinea; the Bight of Benin, lapping dark Dahomey. Then the coasts where white men's lusts have raged like African suns—the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, the Slave Coast with Lagos and Grand Popo, Brass, Bunny, and Little Popo. Then the Grain Coast and Liberia, with its Robertsport and Marshalltown jumbled with names which are war cries. Behind it all the black heart of Africa—Conrad's "Heart of Darkness"—the last frontier, where even now the white man has probed nearly everywhere in his restlessness or greed, careless alike of massacre, slow fever, and the burning sun.

One gray, rainy morning we were pleasantly surprised by our first view of the land and port we were seeking. We had expected a flat land of sand and cocoanut palms. Instead there lay ahead a chain of lovely green hills at the mouth of a river which forms the harbor of the town. To the right, near a lighthouse on a point, was a stranded German steamer which had struck the bar months before.

The Negroes in this place looked even more like our Negroes at home than did the natives of South Africa I had seen. In the town they kept their bodies draped in bright, multi-colored garments, but in the country they parted with even their dear colors for the sake of coolness. There were no street cars in the town and few other conveniences, except a narrow-gauge railway running up into the hills where the whites live to escape the heat and the fever.

I visited a number of native villages, for we were in port several days. In one—the farthest from the coast—the dwellings were straw-thatched huts, and here a few presents of colored glass beads produced a warm welcome from the headman. The other villages were quite disappointingly civilized. All the houses in them were frame wooden structures, and some even had stone foundations. There was a Wesleyan church in most of them, and the interiors of the houses were decorated with the colored religious prints of the Wesleyans or with photographs of American Negro prize-fighters.

The native women were rather better-looking than the men, because they do more work, and through carrying heavy loads on their heads acquire a graceful carriage. They suggested carvings of Egyptian women as they swam along in their light, flowing draperies, with big baskets or jars on their heads.

In a threshing rain early in July thirteen ships got their anchors with much rattling of chains and put out of that stifling West Coast harbor. They went out in single file, with a big, eight-gun auxiliary cruiser in the lead, camouflaged outrageously. She stood out among the others like a circus chariot among wheelbarrows. Once clear of the bar, the rear ships spurted, and all began jockeying for position as racing yachts do before the starting gun. The cruiser and four of the others had been originally planned for passenger-carrying, and two besides ourselves had passengers aboard. The cruiser was the fastest of the convoy, with a record of nineteen knots an hour to her credit. One of the other passenger boats, which could do sixteen knots, came crowding up on our quarter so close that we could have thrown an orange to her monkey mascot on the bridge, and, sprinting, nipped right across our bows. In peace time such a maneuver would have been almost excuse for ramming and murder! The ships were forming in two parallel lines, and this one placed herself in the middle of the first line. We fell back to the center of the second line, perhaps the safest place in the convoy. The fact that we carried women, mails, and valuable cargo probably counted for less in gaining us this privileged position than the fact that we were a fairly new boat and the third fastest of the group. It is policy to place the older, slower, and less valuable boats in the dangerous positions on the outside, and the wings of our two lines were guarded by rusted, pitted tramps whom not the gaudiest war paint could beautify.

The relative positions which we took then were held all the way to England, except that the big cruiser roamed from side to side in advance of her flock, like a sheep dog sniffing for wolves, and except that a boat with a single short mast and sawed-off funnel, which made her look something like a destroyer, kept dropping behind. We were setting the pace which she, as the slowest, had said was the most she could make, and she could not make it. After a morning when we found this vessel a mere feather of smoke where our wakes dropped over the horizon, we permanently adopted a slower gait, to the relief but shame of that slowpoke as she painfully lumbered up to the lingering convoy.

Then on we went together, like a fleet close packed in a narrow channel. But even at those close quarters the tricky painting on all but two of us made it seem that, instead of traveling together, we were steering about in a dozen different directions.

The way those thirteen ships kept their relative positions through foggy, moonless nights was a revelation of the beautiful art of navigation. We advanced in long zigzags. Each time the course was to be changed there would come a sharp whistle or a stabbing flash from the leading ship (with a light screened against possible foes ahead), and that was all. By day signal flags went fluttering up and fluttering down again on every ship, and war news wirelessed to our armed protector went through the convoy as semaphored gossip.

The regulations which screwed boards over all port-holes at night drove most of our passengers to sleep on deck. By the side of mattress or steamer chair each man or woman put life-belt, warm overcoat, and other aids against the emergency which we all joked about but all half expected.

Rumors of submarines came thicker and faster. We were getting into higher latitudes, and had already passed safely through some of the regions where U-boats had been reported as lying in wait for us. Our captain rarely left the bridge, and eight or ten pairs of trained eyes were constantly sweeping the water on all sides of us, not to mention the voluntary lookouts. The gun in the bow and the bigger one in the stern were uncovered and loaded. The big auxiliary cruiser twisted and tacked from side to side of her slower convoy in her increasing anxiety as chaperon. Our zigzags became shorter and more violent. One minute we would head for Gibraltar, then swing off for Rio, and a little later lay a course back toward our last port. The bookworms, who tried to keep their deck chairs in the shade, gave up in despair. Yet, despite this erratic steering, we were nearing England, as the colder and mistier weather vouched.

One soggy afternoon in the sleepy hour just after tea an auxiliary cruiser dashed out of the fog flying the French colors. Obediently one of our number detached herself from the others

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and settled in at the cruiser's heel as that ship laid off for France.

"Thank the Lord!" breathed one of our passengers; "now we're only twelve."

"I'm sorry," another disagreed; "thirteen is a lucky number for me."

"Well, it's still the thirteenth of the month," a third reminded him.

They settled back into their deck chairs for another nap. Just then a column of water spouted high a hundred yards ahead, between us and the ship we were following, and collapsed with a sluicing, smacking noise. A dull "boom" from the auxiliary cruiser a thousand yards to leeward explained that sudden waterspout. "A submarine dead ahead of you," signaled the cruiser. Two officers dashed madly up our promenade deck toward the bridge. Our gun crews began swinging the two guns this way and that as they looked for the cruiser's target to reappear. Stewards rushed up from below ordering all passengers to get life-belts and emergency clothing quickly and take their appointed places by the lifeboats.

The passengers all behaved splendidly. This was the crisis each had rehearsed a hundred times. In two minutes all were in their places before the outhanging boats. Each bulged with a life-preserver and carried a heavy blanket or an overcoat. One woman clutched a jewel-case heavy enough to sink her if she fell overboard. An author gripped a portfolio full of manuscripts equally destructive of buoyancy, as we knew who had heard them read aloud. A third man clung to a Bible, a fourth to a bottle of whisky. Perhaps we learned as much of the true nature of each other in those few minutes while we were expecting to be torpedoed as in all the previous days of the voyage.

But no torpedo came; and after waiting half an hour we went back to our books, or letters, or bridge, or Bible, or whisky, according to preference. The band of young South Africans relieved their feelings by shouting the Zulu war-cry which had served them against the Germans in East Africa. Their leader shouted the cue word each time, and the mob roared the reply, as follows:

Leader:	"*Gobalayo!*"	Mob:	"*Gee!*"
"	"*Gobalayo!*"	"	"*Gee!*"
"	"*Gobalayo!*"	"	"*Gee!*"
"	"*Utini-na!*"	"	"*Wah!*"

The meaning is hard to put into English, but the yell expresses the emotions common to all war-cries, *i. e.*, hatred, defiance, triumph.

The explanation of this brush with the submarine which gained most approval was that the U-boat had been lurking beneath the surface as our convoy bore down on him, and that, seeing there were no destroyers with us, he planned to come up in the very center of the convoy and select a victim. The periscope, which escaped the notice of our bow lookouts and the stern lookouts of the ship ahead, was instantly seen by the trained watchers on our big guardian, far off to starboard. A quick shot, and the periscope disappeared. Perhaps not a hit. But the U-boat must have dived quickly to have avoided a punch from our bow. The whole incident illustrated the difficulty the lookouts of merchant ships have in detecting the unfamiliar periscope even when it is very near. Even for trained naval eyes it is easy to overlook a periscope at close quarters when whitecaps are breaking.

The effect of this affair was entirely salutary. *Ennui* disappeared. We all became jovial, satisfied with ourselves and with each other. And the laggard ship which had been holding the rest of us down to nine knots an hour discovered that she could do ten. She nearly shook her sides out, but she did it.

That was the best opportunity the U-boats were to have to get us. At the next sunrise, when we sleepers gave up the deck to the scrubbers with their holystone and hose, a glad sight opened our sticky eyes. A long, low shape with a high head was racing away off our port bow, then doubling back over its frothing, wiggling wake. It was all done with incredible speed, at a gait best described as a wriggling dash. A destroyer! Off our beam on the same side was another, off our quarter a third, and on the other side of us three more. Above the one guarding the left flank of the convoy a sausage balloon, driven by the following wind, which was faster than the ships, tugged at the steel cable from the vessel below which held it from floating home to England. This destroyer usually kept her position, but the other five were constantly running up and down and across our bows at a speed which made our pace look ridiculous. They ringed us as whippets ring woodchucks.

In the moderate heave of the sea, which we hardly felt at all, the destroyers rolled desperately. This motion was so conspicuous that it seemed necessary to their forward progress, as if they were animals built to advance by squirming. With this wriggling gait and their raised hoods in front, they suggested excited cobras and looked eminently deadly. Yet in their quick turning, quick nipping, and a certain agile honesty of intent, they were more like whippets. And if the battleship is a bulldog, and the battle-cruiser a greyhound, the destroyer must be a whippet.

The sun broke through the dead, gray clouds and whitened the frothing tops where the wind struck the heads of the seas. The lower sky was gray pearl-shell, the higher thin blue. While the sun shone the sea was a plaid of drifting white and turbulent lapis lazuli. When the sun hid, this vivid blue became a just as vivid green. In their polychromatic hides the herded ships of burden glistened like piebald ponies.

The convoy slowed down when some one thought he saw a mine. Five destroyers rushed this way and that, sniffing and shepherding, while the sixth one traced a wide white circle about us all, with the sausage balloon swimming after her in the wind, a great gray beetle. Three trawlers steamed up to reinforce our guard. As we speeded up again, the sixth destroyer hauled down the long balloon to substitute a fresh man for the cold and stiff observer in the basket.

At three o'clock the next morning another submarine was sighted, but disappeared before the two destroyers that leaped for it could get in a shot. The destroyers dropped depth charges all over the vicinity, and if Fritz was not sunk he was given a very bad headache. Later that day we parted company with three of our convoy bound for a different port in England. Two destroyers went with them.

An outward-bound convoy passed us. The colonials began to sniff the fog sagely.

"This is English climate," said they; "we're nearly home."

The next sunrise found us anchored at the entrance to an English harbor. Ahead and astern, as far as the eye could reach, stretched a line of ships waiting to carry food into England. That is how England is being starved by Germany! And that is how the British and American navies are doing their work!

On both sides of us marched away a file of bare, brownish hills, already bluing through the day's first factory smoke, and cold in the early light of even midsummer.

"How long since you've seen it?" an Englishman asked me.

"That? Oh, let's see, about two hundred and seventy-eight years."

"Eh? Ah—er—I see—your first trip—your ancestors—ha—er—I see—you believe in reincarnation. Ha, ha!"

After several deeply loaded ships had shot in past us we got our pilot and joined the procession. Bound out in the opposite direction a powerful destroyer of the latest type swept up, three black plumes trailing from her funnels and a great white bone in her teeth. She was the very spirit of dash and daring, with a tinge of swank.

"I say, that's tophole," "Look at that," "Absolutely it," "Ripping," was chorused in the English of the Isles. A big South African nudged me.

"Yank, look at that flag."

It was the Stars and Stripes.

More than all the speeches I had heard on the significance of this war to the Anglo-Saxons meant the quick glimpse of that fine ship under that flag outward bound to defend the shores of England.

"Come on, Springboks, a good one for the Yanks," yelled the big colonial, and the men who had licked the Germans in East Africa and who were going to lick them in France roared:

"*Gobalayo! Gee!*
Gobalayo! Gee!
Gobalayo! Gee!
Utini-na! Wah!"

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GAS, SHELL-SHOCK, AND SOULS

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IT was the gas ward. I had held a vesper service that evening and had had a strange experience. Just before the service I had been introduced to a lad who said to the chaplain who introduced me that he was a member of my denomination.

The boy could not speak above a whisper. He was gassed horribly, and, in addition to his lungs and his throat being burned out, his face and neck were scarred.

"I have as many scars on my lungs as I have on my face," he said, quite simply. I had to bend close to hear him. He could not talk loud enough to have awakened a sleeping child.

He said to me: "I used to be leader of the choir at home. At college I was in the Glee Club, and whenever we had any singin' at the fraternity house they always expected me to lead it. Since I came into the Army the boys in my outfit have depended upon me for all the music. In camp back home I led the singing. Even the Y. M. C. A. always counted on me to lead the singing in the religious meetings. Many's the time I have cheered the boys comin' over on the transport and in camp by singin' when they were blue. But I can't sing any more. Sometimes I get pretty blue over that. But I'll be at your meeting this evening, anyway, and I'll be right down on the front seat as near the piano as I can get. Watch for me."

And, sure enough, that night when the vesper service started he was right there. I smiled at him, and he smiled back.

I announced the first hymn. The crowd started to sing. Suddenly I looked toward him. We were singing "Softly now the light of day fades upon my sight away." His book was up, his lips were moving, but no sound was coming. That sight all but broke my heart. To see that boy, whose whole passion in the past had been to sing, whose voice the cruel gas had burned out, started emotions throbbing in me that blurred my eyes. I couldn't sing another note myself. My voice was choked at the sight. A lump came every time I looked at him there with that book up in front of him—a lump that I could not get out of my throat. I got so I dared not look in his direction.

After the service was over I went up to him. I knew that he needed a bit of laughter now. I knew that I did too. So I said to him, "Lad, I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't helped us out on the singing this evening."

He looked at me with infinite patience and sorrow in his eyes. Then a look of triumph came into them, and he looked up and whispered through his rasped voice: "I may not be able to make much noise any more, and I may never be able to lead the choir again, but I'll always have singing in my soul, sir! I'll always have singing in my soul!"

And so it is with the whole American Army in France; it always has singing in its soul, and courage, and manliness, and daring, and hope. That kind of an army can never be defeated. And no army in the world and no power can stand long before that kind of an army.

That kind of an army doesn't have to be sent into battle with a barrage of shells in front of it and a barrage of shells back of it to force it in, as the Germans have been doing during the last big offensive, according to stories that boys at Château Thierry have been telling me. The kind of an army that, in spite of wounds and gas, "still has singing in its soul" will conquer all hell on earth before it gets through.

Then there is the memory of the boys in the shell-shock ward at this same hospital. I had a long visit with them. They were not permitted to come to the vesper service for fear something would happen to upset their nerves. But they made a special request that I come to visit them in their ward. After the service I went. I reached their ward about nine, and they rose to greet me. The nurse told me that they were more at ease on their feet than lying down, and so for two hours we stood and talked on our feet.

"How did you get yours?" I asked a little black-eyed New Yorker.

"I was in a front-line trench with my outfit down near Amiens," he said. "We were having a pretty warm scrap. I was handling a machine gun so fast that it was red-hot. I was afraid it would melt down and I would be up against it. They were coming over in droves and we were mowing them down so fast that out in front of our company they looked like stacks of hay, the dead Germans piled up everywhere. I was so busy firing my gun and watching it so carefully because it was so hot that I didn't hear the shell that suddenly burst behind me. If I had heard it coming, it would never have shocked me."

"If you hear them coming, you're all right?" I asked.

"Yes. It's the ones that surprise you that give you shell-shock. If you hear the whine, you're ready for them; but if your mind is on something else, as mine was that day, and the thing bursts close, it either kills you or gives you shell-shock, so it gets you both going and coming." He laughed at this.

"I was all right for a while after the thing fell, for I was unconscious for a half-hour. When I came to, I began to shake, and I've been shaking ever since."

"How'd you get yours?" I asked another lad from Kansas, for I saw at once that it eased them to talk about it.

"I was in a trench when a big Jack Johnson burst right behind me. It killed six of the boys, all my friends, and buried me under the dirt that fell from the parapet back of me. I had sense and strength enough to dig myself out. When I got out, I was kind of dazed. The captain told me to go back to the rear. I started back through the communication trench and got lost. The next thing I knew I was wandering around in the darkness shakin' like a leaf."

Then there was the California boy. I had known him before. It was he who almost gave me a case of shell-shock. The last time I saw him he was standing on a platform addressing a crowd of young church people in California. And there he was, his six foot three shaking from head to foot like an old man with palsy and stuttering every word he spoke. He had been sent to the hospital at Amiens with a case of acute appendicitis. The first night he was in the hospital the Germans bombed it and destroyed it. He was taken out and put on a train for Paris. This train had only got a few miles out of Amiens when the Germans shelled it and destroyed two cars.

"After that I began to shake," he said, simply.

"No wonder, man; who wouldn't shake after that?" I said. Then I asked him if he had had his operation yet.

"It can't be done until I quit shaking."

"When will you quit?" I asked, with a smile.

"Oh, we're all getting better, much better; we'll be out of here in a few months; they all get better; ninety per cent of us get back in the trenches."

And that is the silver lining to this silhouette spiritual. The doctors say that a very large percentage of them get back.

"We call ourselves the 'First American Shock Troops,'" my friend from the West said, with a grin.

"I guess you are shock troops all right. I know one thing and that is that you would give your folks back home a good shock if they saw you."

Then we all laughed. Laughter was in the air. I have never met anywhere in France such a happy, hopeful, cheerful crowd as that bunch of shell-shocked boys. It was contagious. I went there to cheer them up, and I got cheered up. I went there to give them strength, and came away stronger than when I went in. It would cheer the hearts of all Americans to take a peep into that room, if they could see the souls back of the trembling bodies, if they could get beyond the first shock of those trembling bodies and stuttering tongues. And, after all, that is what America must learn to do, to get to see beyond the wounds into the soul of the boy; to see beyond the blinded eyes, the scarred faces, the legless and armless lads, into the glory of their new-born souls, for no boy goes through the hell of fire and suffering and wounds that he does not come out new-born. The old man is gone from him, and a new man is born in him. That is the great eternal compensation of war and suffering.

I have seen boys come out of battles made new men. I have seen them go into the line sixteen-year-old lads and come out of the trenches men. I saw a lad who had gone through the fighting in Belleau Woods. I talked with him in the hospital at Paris. His face was terribly wounded. He was ugly to look at, but when I talked with him I found a soul as white as a lily and as courageous as granite.

"I may look awful," he said, "but I'm a new man inside. What I saw out there in the woods made me different somehow. I saw a friend stand by his machine gun with a whole platoon of Germans sweeping down on him, and he never flinched. He fired that old gun until every bullet was gone and his gun was red-hot. I was lying on the grass, where I could see it all. I saw them bayonet him. He fought to the last against fifty men; but, thank God, he died a man; he died an American! I lay there and cried to see them kill him; but every time I think of that fellow it makes me want to be more of a man. When I get back home, I'm going to give up my life to some kind of Christian service. I'm going to do it because I saw that man die so bravely. If he can die like that, in spite of my face I can live like a man."

The boys in the trenches live a year in a month, a month in a week, a week in a day, a day in an hour, and sometimes an eternity in a second. No wonder it makes men of them overnight. No wonder they come out of it all with that "high look"

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that John Oxenham writes about. They have been reborn.

"How do the Americans stand dressing their wounds and the suffering in the hospitals?" a friend of mine asked a prominent surgeon.

"They bear their suffering like Frenchmen. That is the highest compliment I can pay them," he replied.

And so back of their wounds are their immortal, undying, unflinching souls.

That night I said, just before I left, "Boys, it's Sunday evening and they wouldn't let you come to my meeting; would you like me to have a little prayer with you?"

"Yes! Sure! That's just what we want!" were the stammered words that followed.

"All right; we'll just stand if it's easier for you."

Then I prayed the prayer that had been burning in my heart every minute as we had been standing there in that dimly lit ward talking of home and battle and the folks we all love across the seas. All that time there had been hovering in the background of my mind a picture of a cool body of water named Galilee and of a Christ who had been sleeping in a boat on that water with some of his friends when a storm came up. I had been thinking of how frightened those friends had been of the storm, of the tossing, tumbling, turbulent waves. I had thought of how they had trembled with fear, and then of how they had appealed to the Master. I told the boys simply that story and then I prayed:

"O thou Christ who stilled the waves of Galilee, come thou into the hearts of these boys just now and still their trembling limbs and tongues and bring a great sense of peace and quiet into their hearts."

"O ye of little faith!" When I looked up from that prayer, much to my own astonishment and to the astonishment of the friend who was with me, the tremblings of those fine American boys had perceptibly ceased. There was a great sense of quiet and peace in the ward.

The nurse told me the next day that after I had gone the boys went quietly to bed, that there was little tossing that night and no walking the floors as there had been before. A doctor friend said to me: "After all, maybe your medicine is best, for while we are more or less groping in the dark as to our treament of shell-shock, we do know that the only cure will be that something comes into their souls to give them quiet of mind and peace within."

"I know what that medicine is," I told him. "I have seen it work."

"What is it?" he asked.

Then I told him of my experience.

"You may be right."

And so it is all over France. As I have worked in some twenty hospitals, from the first-aid dressing stations back through the evacuation hospitals to the base hospitals, I have found that the reaction of wounds and suffering is always a spiritual reaction, and I know, as I know no other thing, that the boys of America are to come back, wounded or otherwise, a better crowd of men than they went away. They are men reborn.

THE RED CROSS SHOP

BY LAURA G. SMITH

THE Red Cross Shop of Los Angeles, California, stands out among the many enterprises to raise money for "the cause" as a highly successful business. It made $200,000 in one year clear of expenses, which were only eight per cent. The methods employed, the originality of the many ideas, and the absolutely business basis on which it is managed have commanded the admiration and respect of the merchants of the city, who, in turn, have generously co-operated with the Shop.

So successful a business in these days deserves more than passing mention, even were it not for the fact that it has the world-wide interest of the common cause. As the plan has been worked out there, it has been found so practicable that any town or city could follow it.

It was started in Los Angeles by Mrs. Hancock Banning, a woman of large social experience, executive ability, and an imagination. With her were associated two hundred or more women. It was entirely a democratic aggregation, who have loyally stood by, going day by day to the business, which is dazzling them all by its success.

This Los Angeles Shop has been fortunate in its environment. The old home (consisting of a fine house and a barn, which was built when horses were not extinct) was given to the Red Cross for use during the war by Mrs. Danziger, who is now the assistant manager. Mrs. Banning, the founder, is the manager. The main shop is in the barn. In the stalls in which once fine horses looked out through the iron grilles a vast assortment of goods is arranged after the manner of department stores. In addition to the usual "used" wearing apparel for men, women, and children there are departments of new things—art needlework, children's clothes, fine lingerie. Heirlooms of old jewelry, gold and silver ornaments, Sheffield plate, have been given, as well as rare books and first and autographed editions. The book, art, and jewelry departments have become Meccas for those who love beautiful things. Of course there is a tea-room where luncheons and tea are served.

There is also a department where dresses and hats are made over. This department is a very paying one, and the movie understudies, as well as many others, replenish their wardrobes here. Entire wardrobes are often sent in. Among the numerous things brought into the shop was a peddler's outfit. A young man who enlisted found he would no longer need his horse and wagon, and brought them into the Red Cross Shop for sale. One committee has in charge the repairing of articles. When a camera or a watch or an automobile comes in, needing something to make it go, it is taken to some one who is glad to give his services in repairing.

The Los Angeles Red Cross Shop is unique in its "continuous show." At least twice a week theatrical or movie stars, lecturers, musicians, dancers, give programmes.

Another unique feature of the Shop is the co-operation of the public schools. Before Christmas the manual training and domestic science departments made toys, clothing, and many other things for the Christmas trade. Since then they have constantly supplied the Shop with salable articles. This has a double advantage: for the schools have a motive for their work, which is constructive, and the children are brought into active patriotism.

In addition to this continuous work on the part of the schools the high schools of the city had charge of the Shop on successive Saturdays, providing luncheon and tea for the day, furnishing the programme, the articles for sale, and "buyers" as well.

There are already branches of the Shop. The tea room at a great moving-picture theater is presided over by a group of women, many of whom are movie actresses, to the delight of those who watch the silent drama. There is another branch in a downtown hotel, where charming new things are sold, and under the auspices of this shop dinner and tea dances are given.

A unique achievement of this successful enterprise is the co-operation of the merchants of the city, which is an example of generous sharing. If this plan were carried into every large city, the Red Cross would be financed.

The various department stores of the city, on the different Saturdays during the summer, devote the half-holidays to the Red Cross Shop, each store taking one day. The programme differs with each, and the friendly rivalry assists the amount. The stores bring their bargains to the Red Cross Shop, build their booths, furnish a bewildering programme, and turn over handsome sums. The first Saturday netted over $6,000, which goal was reached and more than reached on successive Saturdays. The spirit of helping was touching and beautiful. From the little waitress, who cheerfully gave her half-holiday to serve at the dinner, to the heads of the biggest departments the spirit was the same—"to help." Never was anything more cheerfully accomplished, the managers say.

The result of this universal activity is that the Red Cross Shop is a center of city activity. The school-children feel at home, and all the other thousands who "help" there feel it a familiar place also.

Not the least of this great democratic work is that the society women who go daily to this Shop realize the pleasure of daily work, and also its drudgery. The whole movement is vital and strengthening, and lasting good will come out of it.

The Shop also has published a booklet or two. "How to Start a Red Cross Shop" is especially useful, as its name implies.

Among the most valuable contributions to the Red Cross is the organized publicity. Each city paper has a well-arranged Red Cross column, and all events of the Shop are featured as well as the needs. A word to the public that a sugar-bowl, a baby-carriage, or a typewriter is needed brings a prompt response, and an opportunity is also given for advertising the star who shines on the programme and to express grateful appreciation to all.

In the department where one finds used clothes for men, women, and children, and in the shoe department, there is a constant stream of humanity to buy the excellent bargains. Not only are the poor keenly alive to these bargains, but the thrifty ones, who are economizing and conserving for their country, are proud to buy at the Shop.

That the Shop is purely a business affair, where one may look around if he chooses, buy or not as he pleases, renders it unlike a charity bazaar, and its success speaks for the fact that just such shops are economic necessities, helping all classes and hurting no one's trade.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of October 2, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Victories in Palestine and on the Serbian Front; On Night Patrol.
Reference: Pages 157, 158; 172–174.
Questions:

1. Recount the facts about the victories in Palestine and on the Serbian front as related in The Outlook. 2. Locate and pronounce accurately all the places and rivers mentioned in these two accounts. 3. Discuss the sentimental value and the military value of General Allenby's victory. 4. What is the significance of Armageddon in ancient history? In contemporary history? 5. Review some of the stories of the Old Testament concerning military activities in and about the region where Allenby's forces won their notable victory. 6. Talk somewhat at length on: "The Eighth Crusade is in full swing. The capture of Jerusalem six centuries ago was only the beginning of the twentieth-century adventure." Compare these ancient and modern crusaders as to nationality, methods, and objects. 7. Show that Allenby's plan was conceived in a masterly way and brilliantly executed. 8. Discuss: "The Turks have a long account of selfishness and neglect against the Germans." 9. Disclose the significance of this statement: "The loss of Turkey's territory and prestige can only provide a source of keen satisfaction to Bulgaria." 10. Write an editorial taking for your topic "Jerusalem in History." 11. Long before Foch was made Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces The Outlook advocated unified command for the Allies. Show how recent events have justified The Outlook's judgment. 12. Tell what you learn from reading Mr. Beston's article on page 172. 13. Explain what he means when he says that "the war of the destroyer against the submarine is a matter of tragic melodrama." 14. Mr. Beston says: "To the destroyer captain more than to any other single figure do we owe our opportunity of winning the war." Tell why you do or do not agree with him. Be sure you understand exactly what he says. 15. It will profit you to read "Life in a Tank," by Richard Haigh, and "The Fighting Fleets," by R. D. Paine (both published by Houghton Mifflin).

B. Topic: The Vandal of Europe.
Reference: Editorial, pages 163–165.
Questions:

1. Make a list of the characteristics of the Germans and the German Government as revealed by Herr Mühlon. 2. Now describe the Germans and their Government in your own words. 3. Discuss liberally the attitude of Germany and the Germans toward force, moral power, international law, and foreign nations. 4. Do material gains, scientific inventions, mechanical skill, and an efficiently organized national life prove that a nation having such is civilized? If not, what does? 5. Do you understand just what it is that the Allies are determined to exterminate in Germany? Is it the German people? German property? What is it? Discuss at length. 6. Read and own "The Vandal of Europe," by Herr Mühlon (Putnams); "The Responsible State," by F. H. Giddings (Houghton Mifflin); "The Kaiser as I Knew Him," by A. M. Davis—the Kaiser's dentist for fourteen years (Harpers).

C. Topic: Ambassador Davis; Cardinal Farley.
Reference: 158, 159.
Questions:

1. How many reasons does The Outlook give for saying that the Ambassadorship to England is of historical importance? Name them and give several more. 2. Tell all you know about Ambassador Davis. 3. Name and discuss the duties and privileges of an American Ambassador. 4. Give The Outlook's opinion of Cardinal Farley. 5. One of Cardinal Farley's chief characteristics was his love of the American Nation. Do you think that our Government should allow any one to remain here who does not love and cherish the country, its institutions and its ideals? 6. Tell how every American can be justly honored, irrespective of his origin or creed. 7. Tell how all foreigners coming to this country can be made into good Americans. Who is the good American? 8. Two of the best American biographies ever written are "Thomas Jefferson," by David Muzzey (Scribners), and "Abraham Lincoln," by G. H. Putnam (Putnams). Read both of them.

II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Dissensions are essential to democracy. 2. Civilization is all that German *Kultur* is not. 3. Public opinion is not made by the newspapers. 4. Only those who subject themselves to discipline are free. 5. Liberty is the most costly of human possessions.

III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for October 2, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Near East (157); phosphorescence, flecked, binnacle, intonation, ironically, (173); ossified, servile, bourgeoisie (163); proletariat (164); confederacy, perfunctory, prelates, peasants (158).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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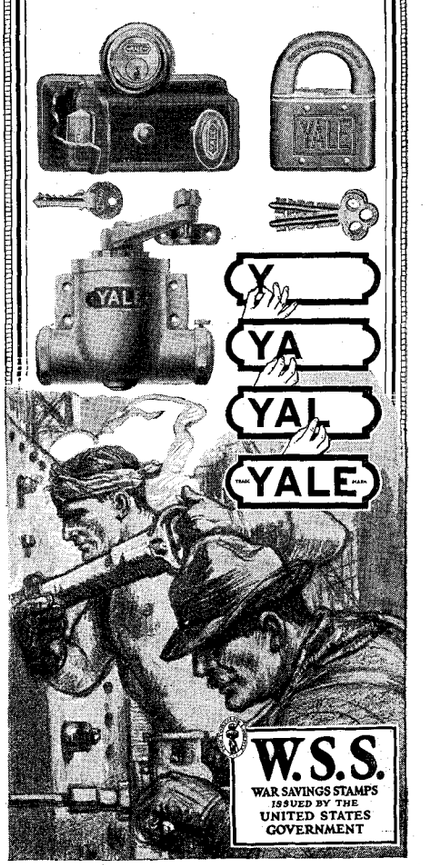

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[*Advertisement*]

How I Became a $20,000 Executive Almost Overnight

By a Man Who Was in a $2,000 a Year Rut Before He Learned the Secret

I NEVER believed in magic. Anything that wasn't absolutely practical never appealed to me. But I believe I have run across a way to develop one's mental ability and capacity for success that comes as near being magical, in its results anyway, as anything could be.

I had been plugging along just about the way most young men do. I was a clerk in a large office earning enough to "get by" on and fairly contented.

If I hadn't met the girl I wanted to marry, I guess I might still be clerking. But I realized that my salary, while it kept me well fed would never do for a family.

Things didn't look very bright, however, for while my salary had been increased at regular intervals it would have taken a number of years at the rate I was progressing to have anything like the income I felt I must have.

But the worst of it was that I knew in my own heart that I wasn't worth any more than I was getting, and I saw that to earn more I had to be worth more to my firm.

With this thought firmly established I set out with the task of trying to learn how I could improve myself. It seemed to me that some one must have some time developed some sort of instructions for just such men as I. I talked to my friends who had been successful, but all they could give me was generalities—nothing definite. I bought one book after another that I had heard about or seen advertised. I even went to the library to see if I could dig out something, but while I found many valuable ideas I did not get anything of really vital direct aid.

Finally, one day I came upon an article which struck me as being about the most sensible thing I had ever read. It said that the average man was using only one-tenth of his brain power and that the reason a few men towered above their fellow men was not because they knew more but because they had learned how to use their brains—had learned how to focus 100% of their mental forces on each problem as it came up.

It showed that the average man worked on the same principle as the shotgun as compared to the rifle. Instead of focussing all of his mental forces on a subject he scattered his blows in such a way as to make them ineffective. A rifle of a given calibre—it explained—has no more power than a shotgun, but because all of the force is focussed on one bullet it is ten times as effective as a shotgun in the case of large game—and who in business is not after the big game?

This article showed that there are more mistakes made in business and more men held down through their inability to concentrate than from probably any other cause and that just as it is necessary to concentrate on one line of business in these days to be successful, so is it necessary to carry concentration to a finer point and apply it to each particular piece of work.

Some of the Subjects Covered

The mind a camera
Ability to focus attention upon any subject
Relation of concentration to observation
Nervous basis of concentration
Concentration in touch, taste, smell, hearing and sight
How to save several hours a day through concentration
Concentration in manual work
Doing one thing at a time
How to concentrate while speaking
How to concentrate while writing
How to concentrate in selling
How to concentrate on reading or studying
Response of body to mind
Concentration for wealth
The direct method
The indirect method
Concentration and happiness
Making your own world
Shutting out the unpleasant
How to think clearly in a noisy room
How to focus your thought forces at the critical moment

The above are only a few of the many subjects covered.

It goes without saying that if a man is making an important decision, if he can drive out of his mind everything that doesn't relate to that decision, he will be far more apt to take the right course than if his mind wanders to other things, and yet there is not one man in a thousand who has sufficient power of concentration to focus all of his forces on any given subject for more than a minute at a time.

Did you ever sit and try to think out some problem that you were anxious to solve, and really keep your mind on that one subject for any appreciable time? Haven't you found your mind wandering to other things quite unrelated? Aren't you often distracted by some outside influence that keeps "butting in" on your thoughts?

It didn't take me long to see that that was exactly the position I was in, and I have since discovered that I was no different from most men and women.

This article showed that if a man could learn the art of concentration he could increase his mental powers 100% to 500%, and it recommended a simple system of teaching concentration which had recently been evolved and was guaranteed to do this very thing—in fact the course was offered on approval, without a cent in advance.

Naturally I jumped at the chance and sent for the course which came to me by return mail. Never had I realized how inefficient I was—how little of my brain I was really using. The first evening that course came I learned enough to see that I had been practically wasting 90% of my brain. And I learned enough after the first hour's study to set me on the right track. Results came immediately from the very first page. It was like playing a game. Just interesting exercises so simple and easy that they were a relaxation instead of work.

Have You One of These Types of Mind?

1. The mind that wanders. This type of mind cannot fasten itself upon any task for more than a moment at a time. It is constantly flitting about, first upon one thought, then upon another, coming back to its original task for only a slight interval at a time. This is the type of mind that seldom masters anything because it doesn't stay at one task long enough.

2. The mind that lacks the power of imagination. This type of mind cannot visualize anything except what is in front of the eye. It has no power for deep thought. It cannot see all sides of a proposition. It cannot make plans or create new ideas.

3. The mind that is absent. This type of mind fastens itself upon something entirely different from the work in hand. It is constantly doing the wrong thing instead of the right thing.

4. The discouraged mind. This type of mind goes at everything in a half hearted, half efficient way. This is the kind of mind that says "what's the use."

5. "The easiest way" mind. This is the type of mind that fastens itself only to pleasures. It cannot buckle down to real work. It always looks for the easiest things to do instead of doing the things that should be done.

All these types of minds and many others show lack of concentrating power. But just as the mind is taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, so the concentration power of the mind can be developed. Mail the coupon for the "Cramp System of Concentration" *on approval.*

And from what I learned in that course more than from any other source do I owe my present position at $20,000 a year—and I've only just started!

I found that work which I had formerly spent hours on was accomplished in minutes. That instead of fretting and dawdling away my time I was able to dig into one job after another and accomplish it better in one-tenth the time.

But this was only a small part of the help I secured from this new power of which I became the possessor. The greatest help and the thing that made me worth so much more to my firm was a new found ability to think out plans and ideas—to suggest new business getting schemes—to think up ways to save the firm money—to increase collections and reduce overhead.

Why I absolutely changed from a man that worked like a machine, who had always been absorbed by details, to a thinker and planner.

It wasn't long before the salesmen were coming to me for advice as to how to meet the objections of particularly hard customers, and I even went out with some of them and helped them close orders that had been on the point of slipping away.

Not only was I able to think out and plan while in the office, but I found that I could focus my mental forces on any problem no matter where I was, whether talking to the chief or to a customer, and the results certainly told.

I live quite a trip from my office and I usually have time after reading my paper on the train to devote to other things. I used to look out of the window or waste the time in some other way. To-day I accomplish as much through my ability to concentrate in these few moments night and morning on the train as I used to in a whole day's work, and I can absolutely isolate myself from my surroundings without disturbance or interruption—a thing that I would not formerly have dreamed possible.

While I don't want to appear "swell-headed," I know that I have built up the reputation of having the most active mind in our office. The other day I overheard the President tell one of the directors that I was "chock full of practical ideas and thought more clearly than any man in the place," and that he really believes this I feel sure is shown by the fact that I am earning more to-day in a day than I formerly earned in a week and have become General Manager of the Company, all in such a short time it almost makes my head swim.

****

The experience outlined above is typical of that of hundreds of others who have learned the art of concentration—who have learned to direct all of their mental forces on each problem instead of using only a small proportion of their brain power.

It is an actual scientific fact, borne out by experts, that the average man uses only about one-tenth of his available brain power and that many men of superior brains are less successful than those with less mind power because the man with the less power knows how to use all he has.

It's like the trained boxer against the untrained man. The latter may be twice as strong as the former, and yet the trained man invariably wins because he knows how to use what strength he has.

Concentration is so important and means so much in a man's success that it ought to be taught in every public school in the land, for what is the use of filling the mind with learning if the way to use it to the utmost is not taught? In fact, it is the hardest thing in the world for any one to grasp facts unless he can concentrate on what he is learning.

Who has not seen immensely successful men who lacked the education and the knowledge of others who hold inferior positions? The reason that the illiterate man has made good is because he has consciously or unconsciously learned how to direct his mind—to concentrate—while the better educated, but less successful man, has not.

And yet the power to focus the mind on a given problem until it is solved—the art which is responsible for the creative mind—is really more of a knack than anything else.

In the "Cramp System of Mental Concentration" this knack is so clearly explained that any one can follow the simple directions with results from the first evening.

Written expressly for the business man and woman, every non-essential has been eliminated, and yet the course contains the concentrated essence of the greatest masters of the subject since the world began. There is not a dull page in the course. Every line teems with interest. Drudgery and hard study have been eliminated. Just fascinating mental exercises that secure the result almost without your realizing that you are working.

So successful has this course proved for all who have followed the simple suggestions that the publishers have decided to send the complete course on free trial without deposit for five days' free examination.

Send no money. Merely fill out and mail the coupon, and by return post, all charges paid, the complete course will be sent. Then, if you are not fully satisfied, return it, and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you are pleased, if you do feel it will be worth as much to you as it was to others, send only $5 in full payment. The reason that the price of the course is so low is that the publishers feel that they would rather sell thousands at a low price than hundreds at a higher price. Send the coupon to-day.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1918.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City
Editor—Lyman Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City
Managing Editor—
R. D. Townsend, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City
Business Managers—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

2. That the owners are:
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City
Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:
Lawrence F. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Dorothea V. Abbott.....Cornwall, New York
Ernest H. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Lyman Abbott..... " " " "
Travers D. Carman..... " " " "
W. H. Childs.....17 Battery Place, New York
Walter H. Crittenden....206 Broadway, New York
Frank C. Hoyt.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Helen R. Mabie.....Summit, N. J.
Almira V. Pulsifer.....Mountainville, New York
Harold T. Pulsifer.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
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Charles Rigoulot, 259 Schenectady Ave., Brklyn, N. Y.
James Stillman (Estate of), 55 Wall St., New York
Robert D. Townsend.....381 Fourth Ave., New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
(Signed) ROBERT D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1918.
[SEAL] (Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.
Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 24; New York County Register's No. 10016; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1920.

TO THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN ON HEARING OF HIS RETIREMENT

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

Americans will be glad to see this appreciation, from an Englishman of Canon Rawnsley's standing, of the valuable services rendered by Ambassador Page in England to the common cause.—THE EDITORS.

No need with wings to bridge th' Atlantic sea,
For though we wave farewell with sorrowful hand,
There on that other shore you still shall stand
A stronger bridge for true democracy,
Maker of bond that evermore shall be;
And we who know how nobly you have planned
For love between the mother and daughter land,
Feel that henceforth all nations shall be free.

You with wise outlook knew the Saxon race,
Spake the same language, felt with the same heart
For all things honorable, true, and just;
And if no more we see your kindly face,
Your words shall ring to keep us to our trust,
You who so well have played a statesman's part.

FOUR STARS

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

She sat near me yesterday in the big, bright hotel sun-parlor, a tiny shriveled figure in an ebony wheel-chair, her watchful nurse at her side. The great glass-walled room was as warm as summer, yet she was wrapped in gray velvet and silver furs, and over her thin old knees lay a rug that might have been woven of pussy-willows, it was so soft, so misty gray. From the puffed snow-white coronet on her little head to her narrow suède shoe she was point-device, a little ancient empress. Diamonds and sapphires weighed down her leaf-brown hands, a spray of wonderful stones flashed on her sunken little breast. Something else shone there amid her laces: two Service pins, each with two tiny crimson stars—in all, four stars.

"Yes." She nodded to my questioning look. Over her dim face came a glint of a smile. "Don't you think I'm the vain old woman, my dear, to be wearing two Service pins? Four stars—when they're not my boys at all?"

"Not your boys—"

"No." She pondered. It was as if she sank back into the depths of years. Then her smile glinted again. "You see, I'm a very old woman, eighty-five my last birthday. After you've turned eighty, my dear, you won't mind owning to your age either. Fifty years ago I had my own precious children, three of them, two boys and my one little girl. But now they're all gone, every one. Nowadays, of all my kin, there are just my two nephews left. They're not really my nephews, they're my cousin's grandchildren. But they're like my own sons to me, for their parents died when they were just babies, and I brought them up. They're middle-aged men now. Thomas is forty and Loren forty-two. They've

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Four Stars (Continued)

always been so good to me, so tender and so faithful! But the minute war was declared they both wanted so terribly to volunteer! And they'd taken training at Plattsburg, they were ready and fit for service. So I said, 'Go.' Though they'd have stayed in America if I had asked it. For they know I haven't much more time. But I couldn't ask that.

"So they went. More than a year ago. The night before they sailed Loren brought me this." Her fingers touched one pin. "I've worn it every hour. It's been a good deal of comfort, my dear."

Again she sat silent before her memories.

"And the other two stars—"

"Oh, Lemuel's boys gave me the other one. I don't know which of my pins I'm proudest of." A dim red rose in her cheek. Her shadowed eyes glowed. "Lemuel was foreman of our cotton plantation, forty years gone. I never even saw him. The plantation was just an investment of my husband's. We always lived up North, you see. We didn't know much about our employees. We weren't really interested in them. All we did know was that Lemuel was a Negro, and a splendid manager, keen as a whiplash. We didn't know that his wife had died and left him with two little boys, and that he was lonely and unhappy. He'd always lived honorably, but when she died he took to drinking and to gambling. One night, in a drunken quarrel, he was shot. The murderer hid his body in the cotton warehouse, then set it afire. When we heard that dreadful news, we were angry—and ashamed, too. If we'd been looking after our men, that never would have happened. Now the only thing we could do was to take care of his two little boys.

"Well, I sent the little fellows away to school at once. Smart as steel-traps they were, and sweet-natured and eager to learn. Lem, Junior, went through school and academy, then studied medicine. He was a born surgeon, and I helped him build his hospital for his own people, down in Georgia. There's no bounds to the good that boy has done. And Fred, he wanted to be a teacher. So twelve years ago I deeded him my farm in Mississippi, thirteen hundred acres, and stocked it with blooded cattle, and put up good brick buildings and a dormitory for his students, and so on. You can't believe what that child has accomplished just in twelve years! He's taken hundreds of boys and taught them farming, he's helped their fathers with seed-corn and cotton, he's set up tomato clubs for the girls and canning clubs for the mothers. He's not just a teacher. He's a builder. He's helping rebuild his whole race.

"But when the war came it was with Lemuel's sons as it was with Thomas and Loren. They had to go. They couldn't live and stand it to stay behind. Now Lem, Junior, is working day and night in a field hospital, and Fred is saving fifty men's work, his colonel wrote me, in handling grain and foodstuffs at a great commissary base. He knows how, you see. And they had three days' leave in Paris, a month ago. And together they sent me my pin. They asked me to wear it always.

"No, I haven't any right to a single star. But I'm a very old woman, my dear. And I brought them up, all four. I was all the father and mother that they ever knew. So maybe I have a little bit of right to my four stars, after all. Don't you think—maybe so?"

Costing 12c to 13c Contains 2490 Calories

It Looks Big

When You Figure Its Food Value

Meat Costs 8 Times as Much per Calory

The small package of Quaker Oats contains 2490 calories of food. It costs 12 to 13 cents.

The calory is the energy unit used to measure food.

Quaker Oats equals in food value—approximately—the following amounts of other staple foods.

Measured by Calories

One 13c Package Quaker Oats Equals

3 lbs. Round Steak	3½ qts. Milk
3 lbs. Leg of Lamb	2 lbs. White Bread
5 lbs. Young Chicken	7 lbs. Potatoes

Figure what you pay for these foods. You will find that meat foods—for the same calories—cost 8 to 14 times as much as Quaker Oats. Then compare them.

Calories Per Pound

Round Steak	890	Eggs	720
Young Chicken	505	Quaker Oats	1810

Thus Quaker Oats—the food of foods—has from 2 to 3 times the calory value. Yet all are good foods, and some are indispensable.

Use Quaker Oats to bring down the food-cost average. Make it your breakfast. Serve it fried. Mix it with your flour foods to add flavor and save wheat. Each dollar's worth used to displace meat saves you about $8, measured by the calories supplied.

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The Extra-Flavory Flakes

The reason for Quaker Oats is super flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. When such a grade sells at no extra price, it is due to yourself that you get it.

12 to 13c and 30 to 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

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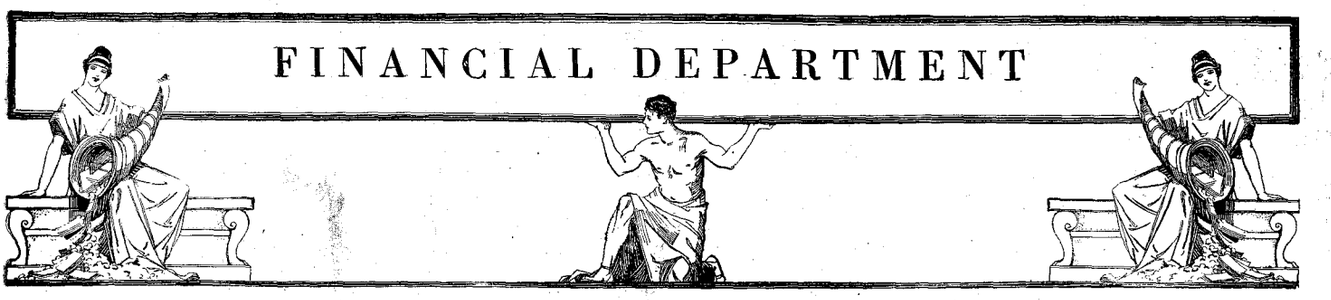

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

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Bonds ***Short Term Notes*** ***Acceptances***

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THE GOLD QUESTION

WE have gained in gold since the opening of the war approximately $1,050,000,000. The Federal Reserve Banks held as of September 20, $2,023,000,558. The total stock of gold in the country, including United States Treasury holdings, was, as of September 1, $3,079,300,229. The great European banks held as of September 26 approximately £710,000,000, or, roughly, $3,372,500,000.[1]

These figures represent the *known* gold resources. What has become of the remainder of the gold produced since history began is conjecture. How much lies at the bottom of the sea, how much has been hoarded, how much has gone into jewelry and commercial uses, is an unknown quantity. Excluding the gold which lies hidden in the hills and valleys, no one knows what the gold resources of the world are.

Gold has been so universally recognized as the eternal criterion of material values that nations do not hesitate to melt the coin of a foreign realm and to remint it for their own purposes Whether in coin or bars, gold is the measure of value between nations as between individuals. The new-found gold of Alaska, but recently coined into American eagles, fluxes with Spanish doubloons as readily as with British sovereigns. Gold loses its identity through the ages and remains that mysterious substance —gold—the deepest of economic studies.

"An over-supply of gold," says Chamberlain,[2] "means a depreciation in its value in terms of commodities until the point is reached that gold-mining becomes unprofitable."

That is in a sense the situation in gold-mining to-day. Rising costs of material, labor, and fuel threaten to make it impossible to produce gold at its standard value, which in terms of United States currency is fixed at $20.67 per ounce.

Speaking of gold production, the "Commercial and Financial Chronicle" states in a recent issue that "it is probable, if failures were counted, they never had paid the comparative cost of production in any country, not excepting the fabled sands of Alaska."

The intricate system of values and credits rests upon the gold standard. That standard could be changed, if at all, only with great difficulty and by concurrent international action.

The gold question to-day is, and this is the question which has been under discussion at various conferences of the Northwest Mining Association on the Pacific Coast, Shall gold production in America be permitted to decline, or shall some temporary subsidy be established to keep the dredges going? The suggestion has been made that the mines be given a bounty, some sort of flexible arrangement under which both the industry as well as the standard shall be preserved During the war Great Britain has continued her Transvaal operations, and through a liberal policy towards gold-miners has succeeded in keeping the production very close to the normal rate.

The continuance of the gold-mining industry, according to the best practical economic thought, is necessary to the maintenance of our resources and our credit position both during and after the war. If this is true, what premium or bounty can be considered a subsidy for one mine without becoming a bonus for another?

Is this the gold question? It is only *one* gold question. Some economists think we shall have too much gold after the war; they fear that we will have dull times, a surfeit of riches, high domestic prices, and a foreign competition that may tap our gold resources to pay for cheap imports.

The theory of a League of Nations involves the question of monetary standards, a world system in which an international clearing-house should be established. Such a clearing-house would probably have as little need for gold as our New York banks when they compare their debits and credits and make their settlements at the end of a day's work.

[1] Banks of — September 26

England	£71,542,360
France	136,030,890
Germany	117,415,550
Austria-Hungary	11,008,000

[2] "Principles of Bond Investment," by Lawrence Chamberlain, p. 1548. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I will have some money to invest this fall, and have been thinking of purchasing, besides my quota of Liberty Bonds, some long-term mortgage bonds of good corporations or bonds of some of our cities. I am principally interested in the safety of the investment, but of course will not be averse to getting 5 or 6 per cent, and I understand that such a return may be expected.

Will you be good enough to recommend some such bonds and to give your reasons for the selection made?

A. Bonds such as you describe are typical of the highest type of investment. We take pleasure in offering the following list for your consideration. It represents some of many bonds of this class. Any reputable bond house will be glad to furnish detailed information on your request. In writing them you do not necessarily obligate yourself to buy.

RAILWAY BONDS:

Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul general and refunding 4½s, due 2014, at about 68, to yield approximately 6 per cent.

Northern Pacific Railway Company prior lien and land grant 4s, due 1997, at about 81, to yield approximately 5 per cent.

PUBLIC UTILITY BONDS:

Philadelphia Electric Company first 5s, due 1966, to yield about 5½ per cent.

Northern States Power Company first and refunding 5s, due 1941, to yield about 6.13 per cent.

MUNICIPAL BONDS:

City of Galveston, Texas, 5s, due serially 1925 to 1947, at about par, to yield 5 per cent.

Somersworth, New Hampshire, refunding serial 4½s, due 1919 to 1933, to yield about 4.25 per cent.

All of the above bonds have ample security and large earning power behind them, or are protected by a taxing power of much greater scope than is necessary to make them merely secure.

Q. My mother, who is dependent upon the income from her security holdings, now has some stock which she received in exchange for bonds of the Western Pacific. Do you think she is wise to hold it?

A. At the time of the reorganization of the Western Pacific Railway Company the replacement value was estimated at $75,000,000. This was augmented by about seventeen and a half million dollars by expenditure of proceeds of the new bonds. The old company had something over $100,000,000 in outstanding funded debt and was capitalized at $75,000,000. While the new company's capitalization totals the same—$47,500,000 in common stock and $27,500,000 in preferred stock—its funded debt has been pared down to $20,000,000 in first mortgage bonds.

As you will see, the capital stock of the new concern represents approximately the equity in the property. The new money which came in through the reorganization has been wisely expended, being spent largely for the acquisition of new equipment and income-producing-property extensions, and the company is now in a position to earn some money for its stockholders. In fact, out of the net income for 1917, $2,443,269, after allowing for interest on the $20,000,000 5 per cent bonds and 6 per cent dividend on the preferred stock, there was left applicable to the common $793,269, which was carried to surplus account. Current earnings are running at practically the same rate.

In our opinion, the preferred stock deserves a fair investment rating, but the common can be classed as nothing but a speculation.

Q. Would you recommend the purchase of Pennsylvania Railroad Company stock, which I understands pays 6 per cent and sells under $50 a share? Can you tell me what dividends the Lehigh Valley pays?

A. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has been paying dividends on its stock at the rate of 6 per cent. This is somewhat misleading as a bald statement, for the stock has a par value of $50 per share, and at the above rate the yearly return is $3 a share. Its present price of about $44 per share is 88 per cent of its par value, and should be thought of in those terms when comparing it with other stocks, the majority of which have a par value of $100. Lehigh Valley Railroad Company common stock sells at about 61, and its dividend rate is 10 per cent.

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Patriotic and Profitable Investment
Back up the business of agriculture. Farmers are today needful of financial aid, and an investment in our Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds is truly patriotic as well as profitable. Send for Pamphlet "S" and current offerings. Amounts to suit.
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McCutcheon's Autumn and Winter Styles

James McCutcheon & Company announce a showing of the newest models and materials in Women's and Misses' Gowns and Suits.

Suits in semi-dress style of Broadcloth, fur-trimmed or plain. Tailored models of Silver-tone Velour $56.50

Tailored Suit of Broadcloth, Seal collar, in Black and colors. $56.75

Suits in two styles, made of heavy Wool Jersey in plain colors or Heather Mixtures. $37.50 and 44.50

Coats in distinctive models and a variety of materials with and without fur trimming. $37.50 and 51.00

Frocks of Serge in youthful styles, in Navy and Black. . . $16.95 and 22.50

Dresses in Tailored styles of Wool Jersey, in three distinctive models. $29.75 to 35.75

Dresses for afternoon wear in Georgette Crepe or Satin Charmeuse. . . $38.50

Frock of Crepe de Chine in light and dark shades. $24.00

Skirts of Wool in smart plaid patterns. $18.00 and 21.00

Dress Skirt of Satin Charmeuse in Black or Taupe. $22.50

Blouses for dress wear in Georgette Crepe. Colors: Navy, Taupe, Black, Copen, Wistaria. $10.75

Tailored Shirts in smart plaids with high collars. . . $8.75

Blouses of Regimental Striped Silk and Tailored Shirts of Striped Flannel. $5.75

A copy of our new Fall and Winter Catalogue will be mailed gladly on request.

Any of the garments described above may be ordered with complete satisfaction through our Mail Order Service.

Reg. Trade-Mark

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Streets
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W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ARE YOU AN INVESTOR?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

BY THE WAY

"Uncle Rastus," says the story-teller of the "Typographic Messenger," "was walking about town on a week-day, but with his Sunday clothes on and a flower in his lapel. 'What is the reason?' he was asked. 'Well, ye see, boss,' he replied, 'I am celebrating my golden wedding.' 'But your wife came around for the wash this morning. Why isn't she celebrating with you?' 'Oh, Mandy!' explained Rastus; 'she ain't got nothing to do with it. She's my third wife.'"

Telling of the difficulties that our soldiers encounter in speaking French, a young Irishman, who enlisted in America, writes to a friend: "You can imagine that my French with an Irish accent sounds lovely. I get on so much better when no foreigner but myself is around! I would rather face a firing squad at sunrise than do the conversational act before some of my American friends. And when any of the bunch has to talk with a Frenchman, how we all hang back and snigger at the goat! . . . An adaptable person at all times, I have fallen in with military ways quicker than I ever hoped or expected. Am very well, get lots to eat, and have everything I want—except that I get no mail, at least so far."

When George Reid, the High Commissioner for the Australian Commonwealth, was knighted, according to the San Francisco "Argonaut," his democratic associates balked at calling him "Sir." A heckler at a meeting called out, "Say, 'Sir' George, what does K.C.M.G. after your name mean?" Without a moment's hesitation the new Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George answered, "Keep Calling Me George."

Among "Yankee notions" advertised recently are these:

"The Thinking Machine is a wonderful patented device that writes original plots for your photoplays and stories.

Four Leaf Clovers, greatest collection, 900, all perfect in rainbow globes.

Traveler's Ironing Board. Top folds. Has small legs, very light weight. Patent for sale.

Book tells how to build illusions. Handcuff and second-sight acts, phapeaugraphy act; many tricks.

A Hideous Ear-Splitting Roar. That's what a soldier in battle hears. Send him a pair of our Patent Ear Plugs. Address ——, etc."

The names of many famous soldiers appear on the rolls of the Marine Corps—to "encourage the rest," as it were. There are seventy Alexanders, it is announced, seventy-one Grants, a hundred and sixty-two Lees, thirty-three Sheridans, four Washingtons, three Wellingtons, and one Bonaparte. Probably some of our colored regiments could produce a Cæsar, a Scipio, or a Hannibal to match the above-named celebrities, unless these old-time favorites as given names have gone out of fashion altogether.

A salvage department is a good thing in a large plant, it appears. "Shipping" reports that in such a department recently established in a big shipyard in New Jersey the revenue from the sale of the baled waste paper alone more than met the cost of the department. Old rivet barrels were a source of income—the staves were knocked out and sold for kindling, the bands sold for scrap iron; old copper wire was stripped and the insulation sold for rubber; the copper in the ends of broken electric-light bulbs was found to be well worth saving; old bolts, burnt rivets, odd pieces of scrap iron, steel, and lumber were

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By the Way (Continued)

rescued from the junk heap, and in many cases it was found that the bolts could be rethreaded and the nuts retapped and used over again. Lumber which could not be used for any other purpose met a ready sale at from $1 to $2.50 a load. From all these sources the astonishing sum of $5,800 was realized in a single week.

"Your note on Josh Billings," writes a subscriber, "reminds me that while a young college student I heard Josh Billings deliver his lecture 'On Milk.' He had placed on the platform table a pitcher and a glass. As soon as he was introduced, he poured milk from the pitcher into the glass, took it up, looked at it, and said: 'I have seen several articles on milk; I have read some facts written on milk; but the best thing I ever saw on milk was cream.' Then he drank it and went on with his lecture. He did not mention or refer to milk in any way again. His lecture consisted of an unrelated collection of pithy sayings which held his audience to the end."

Forehanded young Germans are apparently preparing for the time when the Allies will be dominant and are seeking to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, judging from a matrimonial advertisement in the "Neue Zürcher Zeitung" quoted by "Simplicissimus." The following is a translation:

A doctor of philosophy, twenty-seven years old, highly educated, dashing, impressive, masculine appearance, desires acquaintance, looking toward matrimony, with a wealthy daughter or childless widow, *friendly to the Allies*.

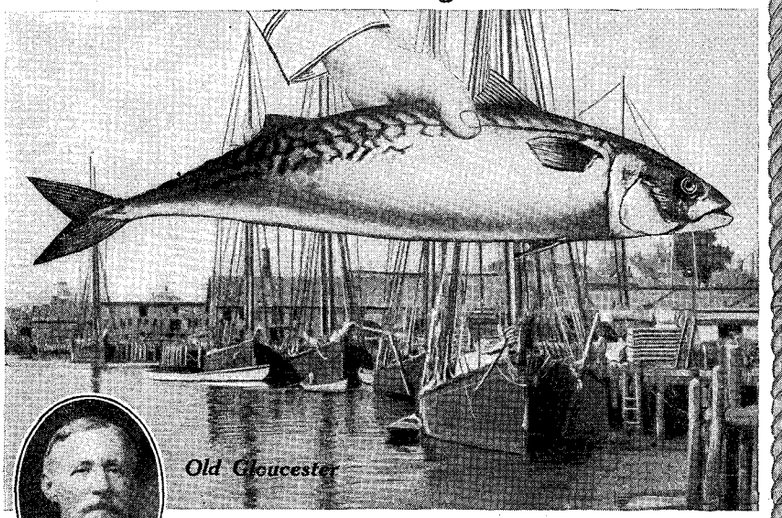
What is the most valuable costume in the world? An inventory of the dresses of queens, of the wives of the maharajahs of India, and of the princesses of fashion in every land would no doubt include costumes of fabulous value, but could any of them match two gowns mentioned in Théophile Gautier's "Italy:" "The sacristy of the Cathedral at Milan contains a treasure which ought not to surprise those who have seen the wardrobe of Notre-Dame at Toledo, Spain, in which a single robe covered with white and black pearls is worth seven million francs [$1,400,000], and yet that of Milan is fully as valuable."

A paragraph by E. V. Lucas in the London "Sphere" makes one realize the insecurity of art treasures in these war times even in the heart of London. "Certain of the most precious pictures of the National Gallery," he says, "are hidden away in places of safety; but the most beautiful landscape of all, Turner's 'Sun Rising Through a Mist,' is still on view." Mr. Lucas is nervous about the safety of this picture—"perhaps the most beautiful landscape ever painted"—and thinks the authorities are a little too courageous in "gambling against the Gotha" with it.

The printer is usually the hero—or the victim—of the humorous story that tells of a blunder in copying; but here is a mistake laid upon the stonecutter that could hardly be matched by any bull perpetrated in a printing office. The story is credited to the St. Louis "Reveille:" The workman had been instructed to carve over the door of the new church this passage from the Bible: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." In order that he might get the words correctly, the stonecutter was referred to the verse in the Bible—Matthew xxi. 13. He proceeded to his work, and cut the whole verse: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves"!

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the Fishing Boats to You



Old Gloucester

Your pail is ready—fat, meaty, juicy mackerel —send no money—try the fish first.

Frank E. Davis President

It's thirty-four years, come next September, since I began supplying the choicest of Gloucester's famous mackerel direct to the homes of families throughout the country.

Our Own Home Kind

People here in Gloucester, the leading fish port of America, laughed at me when I began to sell mackerel by mail. They didn't realize how hard it is for other people to get good fish. But I did. So I decided to make it easy for everybody, everywhere, to have full-flavored, wholesome fish, the kind we pick for our own eating here at Gloucester. 85,000 families are buying from us today.

Such a *Good* Breakfast!

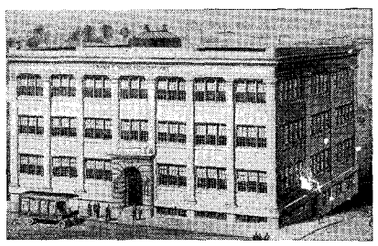
A fat, tender, juicy Davis' Mackerel broiled to a sizzling brown, some butter, a sprinkling of pepper, a touch of lemon, if you wish—how good it smells, how tempting it looks, how it tickles the palate, and, oh, how it satisfies!—the favorite breakfast dish of thousands.

Fishermen for Generations

You see, I *know* fish. My folks 'way back, have always been fishermen. They helped found Gloucester in 1623. My boyhood days were spent aboard fishing boats. Catching fish, knowing the choicest and picking them out, cleaning and curing them the *right* way, has been my life's job.

Thirty Years' Development

Today our business is housed in a modern, four-story, concrete building, with 20,000 square feet of floor space; fitted with the most improved and sanitary equipment for cleaning and packing fish. Standing at the water's edge, the fishermen's catches are brought right into the building. They go to your table with "the tang of the sea" in them.



Fall Mackerel, Fat and Tender

Most of the fish your dealer can buy are Spring fish, thin, dry, and tasteless. What I've selected for you are Fall fish, juicy and fat with the true salty-sea mackerel flavor. We clean and wash them before weighing. You pay *only* for *net* weight. *No heads and no tails.* Just the white, thick, meaty portions—the parts that make the most delicious meal imaginable. You probably have never tasted salt mackerel as good as mine.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Just mail the coupon today, and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people, *all charges prepaid*, so that your family can have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning.

Then—if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense.

If you *are* pleased with them—and I'm sure you will be—send me $4.90, and at the same time ask for "Descriptive List of Davis' Fish," sold only direct, never to dealers. *Remember*: Meat, flour, potatoes, *everything*, has gone 'way up in price. In comparison, Davis' mackerel is low. An economical food—so good to eat, so nutritious! The "Sea Food Cook Book" that goes with the fish will tell you just how to prepare them.

Mail the coupon now with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Frank E. Davis Co.
82 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

The Frank E. Davis Company is prepared to supply, at interesting prices, its product to boarding schools, hotels, institutions, clubs and hospitals. Write for special list.

Frank E. Davis Co.,
82 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.

Without obligation please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail of Davis' Mackerel—to contain **10** fish, each fish sufficient for 3 or 4 people. I agree to remit $4.90 in ten days or return the fish.

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City_____

State_____

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address Mrs. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, California.

CONNECTICUT

The Wayside Inn

New Milford, Litchfield Co., Conn.
In the foothills of the Berkshires. Open all the year. An ideal place for your summer's rest. 2 hours from New York. Write for booklet.
Mrs. J. E. CASTLE, Proprietor.

MASSACHUSETTS

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK

GOLDTHWAITE INN and COTTAGES, on GREAT SOUTH BAY, BELLPORT, L. I. Lloyd Cottage open all year. Ideal weather on Long Island September, October, and November. Golf, tennis, sailing, bathing, motoring.

PHILIPSE MANOR INN

Directly on the Hudson River at North Tarrytown, 26 miles out. For those seeking the advantages of a home without its cares. Beautiful location, easy commuting. Fall and winter rates by the day or week. Telephone, Tarrytown 176.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.
Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.
Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

STOP AT
HOTEL BOSSERT
on aristocratic Brooklyn Heights
and enjoy the advantages of
THE MARINE ROOF
the most famous roof in America. Dine 300 feet in the air, with a panographic view of New York Harbor stretching before you for a distance of 10 miles. Dancing if you like. Write for booklet B.
Montague, Hicks, and Remsen Streets, Brooklyn

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PINE RIDGE CAMP AIKEN, S. C.
Ideal for outdoor life in winter. Main house and individual cabins. Certified city water. Northern cooking. Rates moderate. Write Miss GEORGIA E. CROCKER or Miss MARY E. SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

Health Resorts

LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well**
An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D.
(late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Crest View Sanatorium
Greenwich, Ct. First-class in all respects, home comforts. H. M. HITCHCOCK, M.D.

"INTERPINES"

Beautiful, quiet, restful and homelike. Over 26 years of successful work. Thorough, reliable, dependable and ethical. Every comfort and convenience. Accommodations of superior quality. Disorder of the nervous system a specialty. Fred. W. Seward, Sr., M.D., Fred. W. Seward, Jr., M.D., Goshen, N. Y.

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium

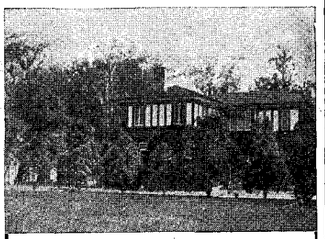
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

FOR RENT—A HOME

well furnished for owner's use, finely located on **Halifax River, Daytona Beach, Florida.** Large lot, beautiful trees. Good furnace and large fireplace in living-room. Four bedrooms, sleeping-porch, and bathroom on second floor. Running water in each bedroom. Large screened porch on first floor, with good living-room and dining-room, kitchen and maid's room. Inquire of owner
L. H. FIELD, Jackson, Mich.



THIS
Charming Florida Home
FOR SALE OR RENT

Seven miles from Jacksonville, on boulevard and on bank of picturesque St. Johns. Riparian rights. Adjoins Country Club, which has 18-hole golf course—turf greens. House has four bedrooms, two bathrooms. Furnace heat; garage. Price $18,000, or will rent, furnished, for $1,200 season. Address
Fred'k W. Haward, Skyland, N.C.

FLORIDA CITRUS GROVES

Fertile farms and attractive homes in the picturesque, lake-dotted highlands of Polk and Lake Counties. Approved properties in the friendliest sections of the "Friendly State." Large tracts for stock raising and diversified farming. My personal service saves you time and expense. Write me about your requirements. EDWIN S. WADSWORTH, Tremont Hotel, Lakeland, Florida.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

FOR RENT OR SALE

Avoid your coal bill! 2 completely furnished modern cottages (8 and 4 rooms), $600 (or $500—$150 each). Near Rockledge. Month free if secured before November.
Blair, Cocoa, Florida. Box 32.

NEW JERSEY

For Rent in Maplewood, New Jersey
Furnished, Colonial HOUSE
8 rooms, 3 baths, sleeping porch, garage. 10 minutes' walk from station and stores. Terms reasonable. Address Owner, 9,155, Outlook.

HERE IS THE VERY COUNTRY PLACE YOU HAVE ALWAYS LONGED TO POSSESS

It is out of Plainfield a little way—near enough to New York, far enough from it. Thirty-five acres with fruit, berries, garden, flowers. New barn, garage, pump house, gas plant, and other structures. Delightful old homestead just reconstructed, with modern light cellars, steam heating system, acetylene kitchen range and self-lighting chandeliers and brackets, and new bathroom completely equipped. The entire plumbing is thoroughly modern. Here's the whole story: *A year ago a business man was charmed by the place, saw its possibilities, bought it, and generously remodeled it for his own enjoyment. He is shortly to locate elsewhere; the beautiful place will be sold.* This is your opportunity. Send for information now. **P. A. ROSE,** 30 East Forty-second St., New York, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Women between twenty-five and fifty years. Travel and sell business men. Soliciting experience unnecessary and undesired. Attractive personality, polite persistency, pleasantness, and obedience are. Users of liquors, tobacco, or drugs undesired. Drab pessimists will not succeed; sensible optimists will. Permanent salaried position, with free summers and advancement. Address Box 214, Carlisle, Pa.

KNITTERS on infants' bootees, sweaters, blankets. Work sent out of town. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 E. 31st St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper to take care of two children, ages three and one and a half. Address Hull, 117 Wall St., New York.

WANTED—Mother's helper to help with light housework and the care of two children. Address Philip D. Elliot, 20 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—Young nurse or nursery governess for two children, boy 5½ years, girl 3½ years. *Must have cheerful disposition and* good personal references. Good wages. Call Apartment 3A, 875 Park Ave., week beginning Monday, October 7, between 10 and 1 o'clock, or write to Mrs. R., Box 161, Harriman, N. Y.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and an industrial teacher in country home for girls—ages between 4 and 18 years. 6,304, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

GOVERNESSES, matrons, mothers' helpers, cafeteria managers, dietitians. Miss Richards, 537 Howard Building, Providence. Boston, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court, Thursdays, 11 to 1.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED—Companion-governess for girl of fifteen. Protestant American or English. Able to assist with music, French. *Willing to* travel. Good reference and experience required. Personal interview New York City. 6,271, Outlook.

WANTED — Experienced nursery governess. Mrs. J. S. Dye, 160 Prospect St., Waterbury, Conn.

WANTED—Nursery governess or intelligent nurse for two little girls aged 9 and 7. English, French, or American. Protestant. Write Mrs. Frank Willock, Sewickley, Pa.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WOMAN with successful experience would like administrative position in school for boys. 6,302, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG woman wishes to go to California after November 1 as nurse or companion to invalid lady or gentleman. Good experience in nursing. Doctors' references. Have traveled. 6,273, Outlook.

ENGLISH gentlewoman wishes position as housekeeper in widower's family. Highest references. Country preferred. 6,291, Outlook.

WANTED—PLACE TO TAKE CHARGE OF KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM BY YOUNG WOMAN WITH SCIENTIFIC TRAINING. 6,292, Outlook.

A capable, refined lady desires position as companion. 6,295, Outlook.

SOUTHERNER, gentle birth, Protestant, widow, no incumbrances, excellent health, capable, artistic, possessing executive ability, sunny disposition, and sense of humor, competent to meet and mix with, if necessary, all classes, good judgment, common sense. Is practical, tactful, and adaptable. 6,29[illegible] Outlook.

LADY, middle-aged, Protestant, as secretary, companion, housekeeper. Town, country, seaside. References. Miss Hartfield, Lincoln Ave., Deadwood, S. D.

Teachers and Governesses

TWO sisters—one a college woman—want positions as governess, companion, teacher or nurse. Some experience with subnormal children, in a school and privately. P. O. Box 978, Schenectady, N. Y.

WOMAN would enjoy taking into her home and preparing for college two or four young girls. References exchanged. 6,303, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER with our new 1919 carburetors; 34 miles per gallon. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Increased power. Styles for any motor. Very slow on high. Attach it yourself. Big profits to agents. Money back guarantee. 30 days' trial. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 240 Madison, Dayton, Ohio.

MRS. A. S. Shelby will open her cooking school for young ladies October 15. A full course in six weeks. The home and surroundings are ideal. The best care and table assured Can only accommodate 12 people. Located just one mile of Lexington on trolley. For particulars and terms address Mrs. A. S. Shelby, Versailles Road, Lexington, Ky.

LADY, former teacher, going St. Augustine seashore cottage for winter, will care for and teach one or two children. Magnificent beach, excellent food and care, happy home life. 6,296, Outlook.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency. established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery, 44 West 22d St., New York.

YOUR WANTS IN EVERY LINE of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address
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